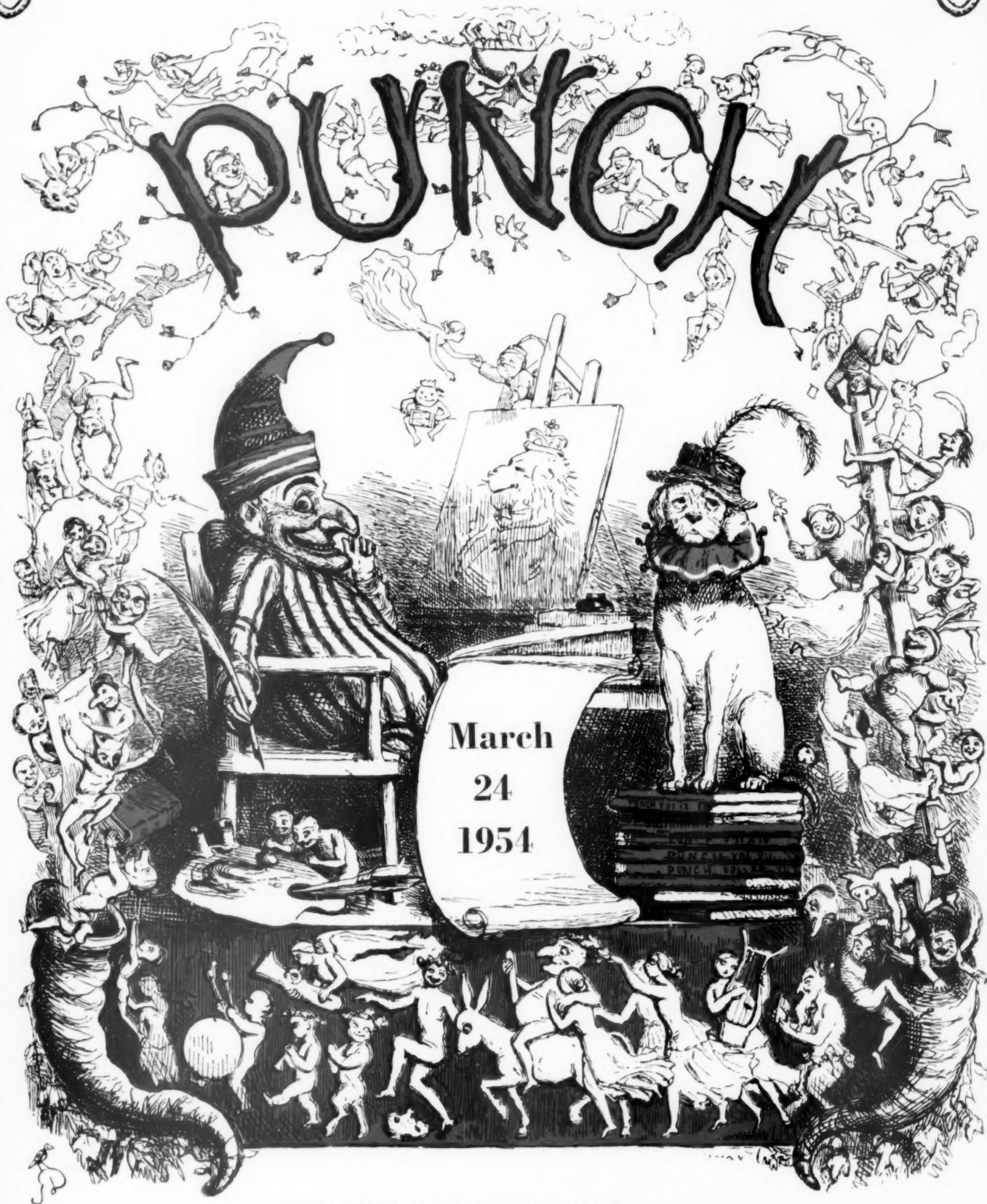


6^d

PUNCH or The London Charivari—March 24 1954

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March
24
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PUNCH OFFICE 10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E. C. 4



By Royal Command

'Take a shop,' said the Prince, and Mr. Marcovitch, who, a hundred years ago, was making his cigarettes in an obscure room near Piccadilly knew that their excellence had made him famous. Ever since, Marcovitch Cigarettes have been made to the same high standards as won the approval of that Eminent Personage and his friends; they are rolled of the very finest tobacco, for the pleasure of those whose palates appreciate perfection.



Marcovitch
BLACK AND WHITE
 cigarettes for Virginia smokers

25 for 5/5

Also **BLACK AND WHITE**
SMOKING MIXTURE
 2 oz. tin 9/6

ISSUED BY GODFREY PHILLIPS LTD

our future
 is not in the stars . . .



. . . but in our own past history.

Thoughtful planning founded upon

our unique experience of 26 years' specialisation in hydraulic
 braking, allied to unmatched manufacturing resources
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LOCKHEED
REGD. TRADE MARK
LEADERSHIP

Beyond all challenge

AUTOMOTIVE PRODUCTS COMPANY LIMITED . LEAMINGTON SPA
 C.J.L.



Thoughts are free from toll

WILLIAM CAMDEN (1551-1623)

To think is not expensive. It needs no apparatus, no personnel, no premises. The only equipment is in one's head; the gears and pinions of the brain, and the lever that sets them turning.

Everyone can be a thinker. Not a great thinker, perhaps; but the creator, now and then, of a thought that has great consequences. And that is the measure of a thought's greatness: the ripple that it spreads.

At the back of every new industry is such a thought. Can 'it' be made some other way instead? Marketed or assembled more simply? Processed or refined by that method or in this place, instead of as before? A progressive industry is the translation of these thoughts into machinery, buildings and organisation.

But the climate in which such thoughts can first arise, and can be expressed in action, is one of free enquiry and research. Without this, invention gives way to maintenance.

A trained man can be a technician; it takes a free man to be a thinker.



Esso Petroleum Company, Limited



TENSION-DRIED, GUM-DIPPED

RAYON CORD MAKES

Firestone

THE STRONGEST AND

LONGEST WEARING TYRES

YOU CAN BUY



Fit **Firestone** LEAKPROOF TUBES—they cost no more!

LOOK IN YOUR SHOES



Unless you see a clear impression of all five toes it means that your feet are cramped instead of being free — as nature intended. The consequence will be injury to your feet and general health. People who have suffered untold agony through foot troubles have experienced such relief from wearing these shoes that they cannot speak too highly of them.

In this pair of well-worn Sir Herbert Barker Shoes the front of one shoe has been cut away. Photograph shows actual impression of all five toes in correct natural position.

Write to-day for illustrated brochure to Dept. 27, Norvic Shoe Co., Ltd., Talbot Road, Northampton.

Sir Herbert Barker Shoes

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND BOYS

A PRODUCT OF THE NORVIC SHOE COMPANY LIMITED

Sold by CHARLES H. BABER LTD., 302 and 140 Regent Street, London, W.1 and at Manchester, Leeds, Harrogate, Buxton, Brighton and best-class retailers in most towns.

Insist on Kunzle Quality



Art Dessert

CHOCOLATE ASSORTMENT

...like Kunzle Cakes — a compliment to Good Taste

C. KUNZLE LTD., BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND

**"Rich and Fragrant,
how truly named—
is it expensive?"**



"Quite the reverse! It's most economical!"

"How much does it cost?"

"1/6d. per quarter lb. That works out at a little more than 1/4d. a cup."

"1/4d. a cup! Good heavens, it is economical. It would be cheap at four times the price. What do you call it?"

"Rich and Fragrant. It's a wonderful buy. And tea, remember, compares more than favourably in price with all other drinks."



ALWAYS INSIST ON

HORNIMANS

"Rich and Fragrant"

W. H. & F. J. HORNIMAN & CO. LTD.,
SHEPHERDESS WALK, LONDON, N.1 Established 1826

The Swan Franklin feather and down pillow costs £2 (approx.)



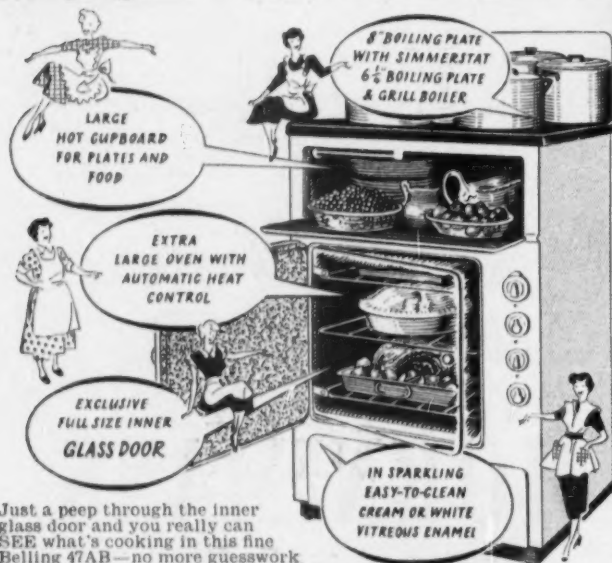
Better buy pillows than pills ...

The best prescription for NATURAL healthy sleep is down or feathers in a well-filled pillow. These good NATURAL materials are at their best when purified by Fogartys for Ariel and Swan pillows, bolsters, overlays. Ask for leaflets and stockists' names:

FOGARTYS, BOSTON, LINCOLNSHIRE

SEE what's Cooking!

THROUGH THE FULL SIZE INNER GLASS DOOR



Just a peep through the inner glass door and you really can SEE what's cooking in this fine Belling 47AB—no more guesswork or spoilt food for you now. And at £32.5.0 it costs no more than an ordinary cooker. See one for yourself at your local Electrical Shop or Showroom.

"Belling"

FREE! Write for 56-page Booklet and folders describing this and other Belling products ranging from the Wee Baby Belling at £6.19.6 to the magnificent Streamline at £49.10.0.

BELLING & CO. LTD., ENFIELD CRO 131



And she
of course
will be
wearing



THE ARISTOCRAT OF STOCKINGS



Of all curtain fabrics velvet is the loveliest.
No other has quite the same warmth and colour,
the glowing 'life,' the softness and the graciousness of
velvet. Nowhere will you find this beauty
more richly varied than in

curtain velvet by *Lister*
OF BRADFORD

Loveliest of all

The thirty or so colours, all fadeless, will enthral — and the prices will surprise you, (from about 16/6 a yard, 48" wide.) Linings to match, blend or contrast. From all good furnishing stores. Now, in Spring, is the time to choose.

LISTER & CO. LTD., MANNINGHAM MILLS, BRADFORD, YORKS.



PALMER MANN & CO., LTD., SANDBACH, CHESHIRE



BY APPOINTMENT BISCUIT MANUFACTURERS
TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI

**Huntley
& Palmers**

the first name you think of in

Biscuits

'second to none in

CAKES

Choosing your Brandy



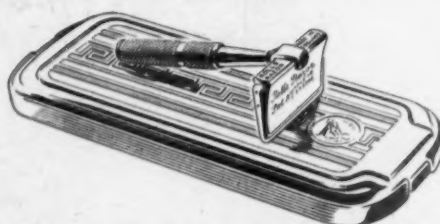
V.S.O.P.

Connoisseurs of brandy gladly pay a little more for a cognac which they know to be of superior quality. This is why they instinctively order Remy Martin V.S.O.P. They know it is made from grapes of unique quality found only in the best two areas of the Cognac district of France. They know too that Remy Martin produces *only* cognac of this superior quality.



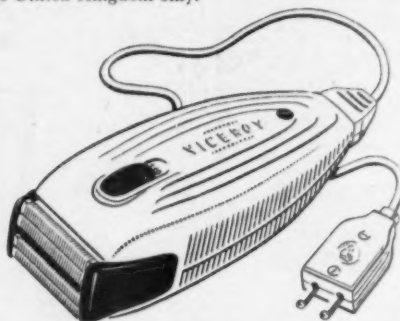
Which way to Paradise ?

Either way, you get a perfect shave. Many have it that nothing shaves with such speed, ease and economy as soap, water and a Rolls Razor. They constantly write and tell us so too: ("My Rolls Razor still shaves perfectly after 25 years' use...") "Have saved £23 on blades in 18 years with my Rolls Razor"). On the other hand there is another school of thought that maintains that the Viceroy Dry Shaver is the *only* method for moderns in a hurry. It's not only faster, they say, but actually gives a closer, smoother shave and leaves the face feeling so delightfully comfortable and cool. Well, both ways are right; both are for perfectionists. Which is *your* way?



THE WORLD'S FINEST SAFETY ROLLS RAZOR

The world's finest safety has a hollow-ground blade which is honed and stropped in its case and gives years of perfect shaving. Price **53/3** complete, or in Leather Pouch Set with extra blade, **79/6**. From dealers everywhere. All prices include Purchase Tax and apply in the United Kingdom only.



THE ROLLS RAZOR OF DRY SHAVERS VICEROY

Shaving heads *machine-cut* to an accuracy of a ten-thousandth of an inch! Viceroy "Twin-Four", as illustrated (A.C./D.C. 90-250v.) **£8.16.4**. Viceroy "Universal" (A.C./D.C. 90-250v.) **£6.13.8**. Viceroy "A.C." (200-250v.) **£5.6.6**. Viceroy "Non-Electric" (hand-operated) **£5.9.5**. Prices include Purchase Tax.

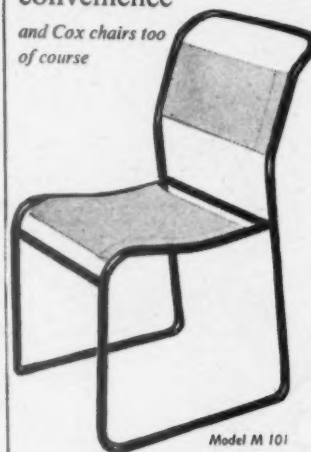
ROLLS RAZOR LTD.

Masters in the Art of Shaving

ROLLS RAZOR Ltd., Head Office, Works & Service Dept., Cricklewood, London, N.W.2
Showrooms: 193 Regent Street, London, W.1 (Callers only).

C for comeliness
comfort, cleanliness &
convenience

and Cox chairs too
of course



Model M 101

A chair that will never lose its good looks through years of honest service. Available in chrome, or stove-enamelled in colour. It "stacks" too, for easy stowing away when more floor space is needed.

The various styles of seat and back are shown below.



Webbing. The most popular choice for canteens and assembly halls. The webbing has a certain "cushioning" effect yet it is treated to prevent sagging.

Plywood has not the same "give" as webbing, but being shaped is very comfortable, and easily cleaned.



Slats are generally chosen for factory canteens or boys' clubs where conditions are necessarily on the rough side.

Plastics for seating and back is also hard wearing and easily cleaned and is comfortable to sit on.



Apply for illustrated catalogue:



COX & CO. (WATFORD) LTD.,
WATFORD, HERTS
Telephone: Watford 5631



"You asked for Benson & Hedges cigarettes, Sir"

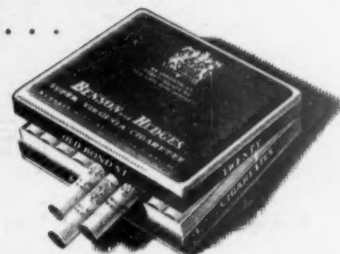
IT IS NO
MERE COINCIDENCE THAT
BENSON & HEDGES
CIGARETTES
ARE TO BE FOUND IN
ALMOST EVERY
FAMOUS CLUB, NOT ONLY IN
LONDON BUT THROUGHOUT
THE WORLD.

Where fastidious attention to detail goes without saying, where tradition brooks no trifling with standards firmly laid, **BENSON and HEDGES** cigarettes, made from the finest of fine tobaccos, reach their own congenial setting, to mark each and every occasion . . .



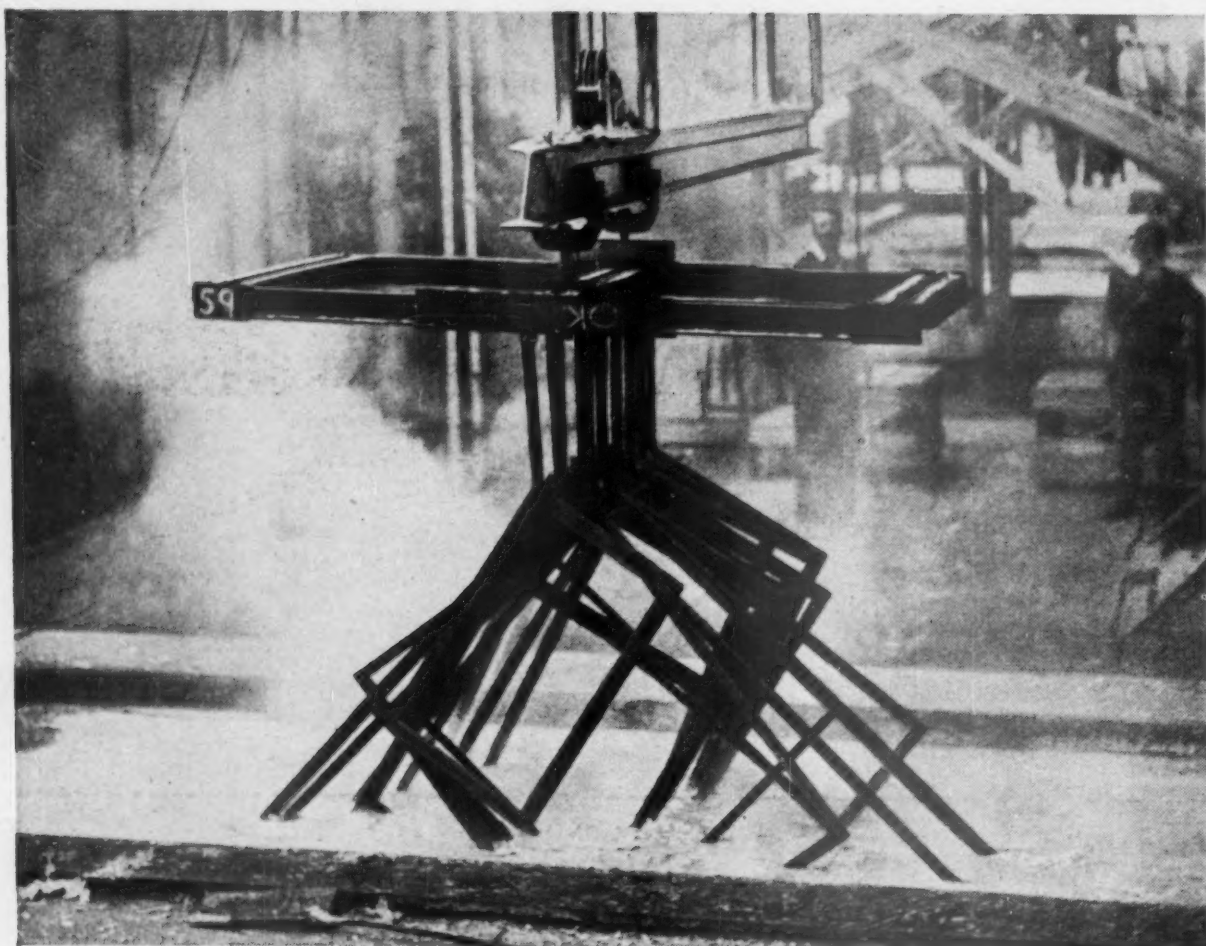
BY APPOINTMENT
TOBACCONISTS TO
THE LATE KING GEORGE VI

When only the best will do



BENSON & HEDGES LTD · OLD BOND STREET · LONDON · W

95W/647



A bath with lasting effects

Before any Crittall window is allowed to be labelled '*rust-proofed*' it must take a bath—in 100 tons of molten zinc at a temperature of 860° Fahrenheit. It stays in the bath until every part of its surface has been galvanized—a positive, tough amalgamation of zinc with steel. There is nothing transitory about the effect of this treatment. It ensures that much less need be spent, over the years, in keeping Crittall windows as spruce as the day they were made. It makes certain that, just with ordinary sensible care, rust and corrosion need never again mar the good looks of a building's windows.

CRITTALL

POSITIVELY RUSTPROOFED WINDOWS

THE CRITTALL MANUFACTURING CO LTD • BRAINTREE • ESSEX

Factories and Depots throughout the country

row 1

at his fingertips...

the secret

of a Daks suit!



In the tailoring of Daks clothes, men have always counted more than machines. And it is the policy of the makers of Daks that they always shall do. Craftsmen! They are born — not made. And born of long tradition — grandfather, father and son. To such inbred skill, a Daks suit owes more than its faultless appearance when you first wear it. It is *that* which makes it look as well, after years of hard service.

Simpson
TAILORED

Simpsons do not care to produce any lesser sort of tailoring.



Ealing Studios and Sir Michael Balcon have a reputation for producing a particularly British kind of film—a subtle, satirical type of comedy that especially tickles our British sense of humour. It is Sir Michael Balcon who inspired such delicate masterpieces as "Kind Hearts and Coronets," "Whisky Galore," "The Lavender Hill Mob," "The Man in the White Suit,"—and now, soon to be released, "The Love Lottery." For her birthday, he gave Lady Balcon a Parker '51'.

Sir Michael Balcon gave his wife a Parker '51' for her birthday



**SIMPLE ELEGANCE—
and the most advanced mechanism
of any pen**

One takes it almost for granted that people in the public eye should write with a Parker '51'—not only actors and actresses, but statesmen, business leaders, and famous authors, all over the world.

No wonder—the New Parker '51' is without equal anywhere. Mechanically, it is years in advance of all other pens; its Aero-metric Ink System draws up, stores and releases ink in a totally different manner, which sets new standards of reliable writing. And its appearance is in keeping.

Simple and elegant, it has become a mark of distinction, a symbol of good taste.

So, when you offer someone a Parker '51' as a special present, you are giving much more than a pen; you are paying a singularly graceful compliment.

Choice of four colours, and eight different nib grades to suit every hand.

With Rolled Gold cap, now only 105/-

With Lustraloy cap, 82/3d.

'51' PEN AND PENCIL SET

with Rolled Gold caps

£7. 18. 6

with Lustraloy caps

£6. 4. 0

Other famous Parker models

Senior Duofold pen 43/-

New Duofold pen 37/11

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Pencil to match all

four pens 20/5

Presentation cases

available for all pen and

pencil sets.



new Parker '51'

The world's most wanted pen

GIVEN AND USED BY FAMOUS PEOPLE

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY LIMITED · BUSH HOUSE · LONDON · W.C.2

THE FAMOUS 'MOSSBROS'

Mackintosh



All sizes £10.10.0.

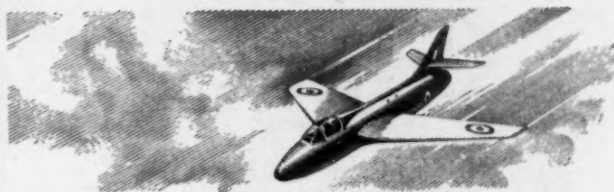
Also a wide range of gaberdine raincoats.

MOSS BROS
OF COVENT GARDEN
THE COMPLETE MAN'S STORE

Junction of Garrick and Bedford Streets, W.C.2

Temple Bar 4477

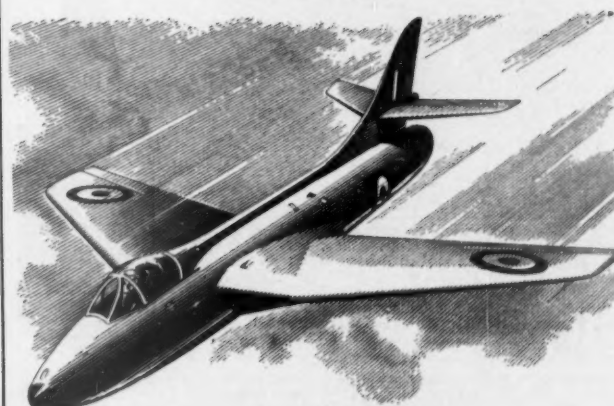
AND BRANCHES



Perhaps you are the very man this

ROYAL AIR FORCE 'HUNTER'

was built for



The world-famous Hawker 'Hunter' has been built with one man in mind—the pilot. 'Hunters' have been designed to make the most of those special skills that flying training in the Royal Air Force brings out in a man. And that might quite possibly be you.

See how you conform to the basic requirements: You are young—physically fit—up to the required educational standard—and keen to experience the thrill and exhilaration of flying. You believe, though you may prefer to remain silent about it, that there is a lot to be

said for a career in which service to the community comes first. A career in the Royal Air Force offers very satisfactory rewards, for after only 8 years of service you can be a Flight Lieutenant, earning, with maximum allowances, over £1,000 a year.

Study the table giving brief details of the four types of commissions available, then write asking for details of those that interest you most. Include in your letter details of your education and career to date. The address is: Under Secretary of State, Air Ministry (P.U. 130), Adastral House M.R.2, London, W.C.2.

4 WAYS TO A FLYING COMMISSION IN THE R.A.F.

TYPE OF COMMISSION	AGE LIMITS	EDUCATIONAL STANDARDS
PERMANENT (R.A.F. Cadetship at Cranwell)	17½—19	Civil Service Commission Examination
PERMANENT (University Entry)	20—28	Normal degree at recognised University
DIRECT ENTRY	17½—26	General Certificate of Education Scottish Leaving Certificate or equivalent
NATIONAL SERVICE*	During Service	General Certificate of Education Scottish Leaving Certificate or equivalent

*For subsequent service with the R. Aux. A.F. or R.A.F.V.R.



THE ROYAL AIR FORCE



Glayva

SCOTCH LIQUEUR

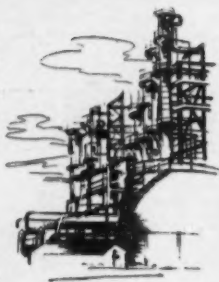
Edinburgh, rich in architecture and in the natural beauty of its setting, has been called the modern Athens. It has also many distinctive arts and crafts amongst which is the making of "Glayva" a distinguished Scotch Liqueur which has made many friends far beyond its borders

RONALD MORRISON & CO. LTD. EDINBURGH



Liquids in Bulk

Fuel, lifeblood of road transport, and many other liquids are carried by Foden to all parts of the country and in other countries too. Whenever the load is vital Fodens are entrusted with it, for these vehicles are famous for their reliability. Behind the name Foden lies over half a century of service to road transport.



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Flying TWA you get full value for every precious minute of your U.S. trip. TWA *knows* America. Wherever you want to go in the States you will find friendly TWA people, ready to help you in every way possible. They know schedules, connections, people—the ins and outs of U.S. air travel. TWA offers you a knowledge of America that is *unique*. Why? Because TWA is the only airline flying from London *to and across* America.

There's a TWA service to and across America to suit your pocket book—from luxury coast-to-coast "Ambassador" Super Constellations to thrifty and comfortable Sky Tourist flights.

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USA · EUROPE · AFRICA · ASIA

THE BOWATER ORGANISATION



At the ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of The Bowater Paper Corporation held at Sittingbourne, Kent, on the 18th March, 1954—attended by a record number of shareholders who subsequently toured the Kemsley Mills—the Chairman, Sir Eric Vansittart Bowater, reviewed the affairs of the Organisation.

Commenting that the Accounts of the Corporation and its subsidiaries disclosed a very strong financial position, Sir Eric said it might perhaps be thought by some that the proposals with regard to an Ordinary dividend were lacking in generosity, but in continuing the established conservative policy in this connection regard had been had amongst other considerations for the outstanding Options for a further 1,800,000 Ordinary Shares exercisable by May 31st of this year, for the necessity of maintaining the many plants to an entirely up-to-date and competitive level, and on this occasion the alteration of the date to which the accounts are made up, which would now coincide with the calendar year.

Although not previously the practice to pay interim dividends, in view of the current financial period now being extended to 15 months it would be the intention on this occasion to pay an interim dividend during the latter part of this year, provided the earnings at the relative time justify that course. The continuance or otherwise of paying interim dividends thereafter would be considered in the light of the then prevailing circumstances and conditions.

Sir Eric also announced that subject to the consent of the authorities it would be proposed, after completion of the forthcoming issue of new capital under option, to distribute to shareholders by way of a scrip dividend some part of the now very substantial reserves of the Corporation on the basis of one new £1 Ordinary Share for every £3 Ordinary Stock then held.

In the maintenance of a leading position in the industry, the Organisation had, in the years since the end of the war, spent or would be spending on development and expansion throughout the world approximately £45 million, of which only some £24 million had been provided by the issue of new capital—mainly in respect of the new mills in Tennessee which would come into operation in May next—and the balance of this expenditure had been or, it is expected, would be provided out of the Organisation's own resources.

The Organisation as a whole entered the new year with full order books; indeed the production of all its mills, including the new mills in the United States, had been sold for some long time ahead, mostly under long-term contracts. Prices for both finished products and raw materials would seem to have reached a reasonable degree of stability, whilst preliminary figures in respect of the current financial year show their earnings to have been maintained at a reasonable level, and if these conditions continue, as they well may, the Organisation might justifiably look to the future with some confidence.

The Bowater Paper Corporation Ltd and Subsidiary Companies

Summary of Profits for the year ended 30th September 1953

1952 £			£	£
4,974,150		CONSOLIDATED PROFITS after deducting depreciation and interest on Loan Capital of overseas subsidiaries but before charging taxation	6,314,926	
3,017,114	60.7%	DEALT WITH AS FOLLOWS:		
220,485		Taxation (including overseas taxation)	3,284,509	52.0%
1,136,418	27.2%	RETAINED BY:		
		Parent Corporation	376,084	
		Subsidiary companies	1,852,988	
52,887	1.1%	Interest on Loan Capital of the Corporation (net)	2,229,072	35.3%
263,746	5.3%	Dividends (net)	213,002	3.4%
283,500	5.7%	on Preference Capital of the Corporation and subsidiaries	271,543	4.3%
4,974,150		on Ordinary Capital of the Corporation	316,800	5.0%
			£6,314,926	

Summary of Net Assets as at 30th September 1953

1952 £			£	£
23,212,002		FIXED ASSETS including Investments and funds in hands of Trustees		35,631,955
31,421,392		CURRENT ASSETS	30,355,870	
17,345,683		Less: Current Liabilities and Provisions	13,650,626	
14,075,709				16,755,244
£37,287,711				£52,387,199
6,400,000		REPRESENTED BY:		
5,730,123		Preference and Ordinary Capital of the Corporation	6,400,000	
1,825,129		Preference Capital of subsidiary companies	5,782,410	
1,244,935		Capital Reserves	2,375,570	
8,530,395		Sterling Exchange Conversion Account	1,349,687	
547,260		Revenue Reserves and undistributed Profits	10,177,854	
24,277,842		Reserves for future Income Tax	1,357,500	
10,106,363			27,443,021	
2,903,506		Loan Capital—secured	17,036,358	
£37,287,711		Unsecured Notes and Loan Stock	7,907,820	
			£52,387,199	

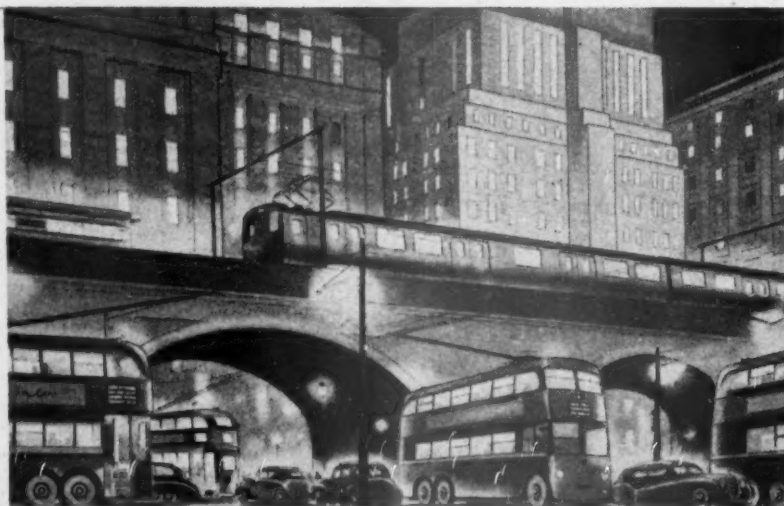
'ENGLISH ELECTRIC'

To mining, as to so many industries, electricity brings power for productivity, power for cutting and carrying, and to convey miners to and from the surface. For nearly 50 years ENGLISH ELECTRIC has produced: mining electrical equipment — hoist drives, hauling 24,000 miners a day in Britain alone; coal cutter motors; underground locomotives; and much else to increase mining's contribution to the prosperity of many nations.



bringing you

From coal, that ENGLISH ELECTRIC helps to produce, comes much of the world's mounting electrical power. ENGLISH ELECTRIC plays an ever increasing part in generating and distributing electricity and helps the world to put it to good use, not only for better work but also for better living — through ENGLISH ELECTRIC transport, for example, and ENGLISH ELECTRIC domestic appliances and television.

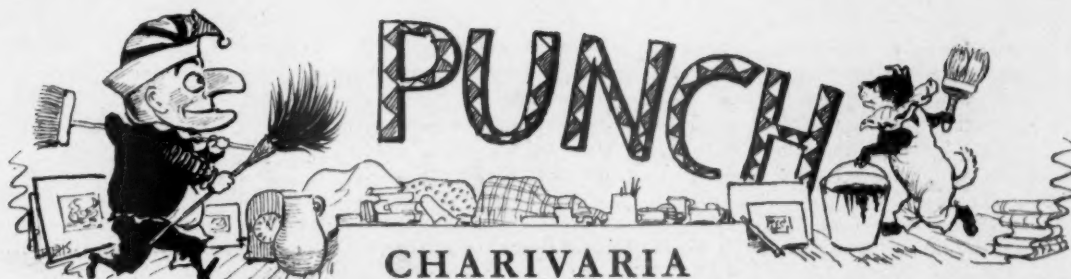


better



living

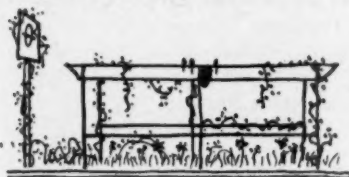
The ENGLISH ELECTRIC Company Ltd., Queens House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2



SPAIN continues to exhaust her patience over Britain's "claim to retain as a colony a piece of territory, however small, of another sovereign nation," to quote from an angry article in *Arriba*. To quote from another: "For us, Gibraltar is the barometer which registers the hostile policy of Britain, and you can see where it is pointing." No change.

Walking, Thanks

PROPOSALS for yet another rise in bus fares have been coolly received by Londoners, who complain that no improvements in the service seem to



result from these repeated increases. However, this is a thing which may in time adjust itself. After a few more turns of the screw our propagandists may be able to point to London as the only capital in which the buses are queuing up for the passengers.

Rough Answer

BRITAIN'S working population, the Ministry of Labour announces, has recently shot up by twenty thousand. This is good news, spoiled only by the explanation that the working population includes, for statistical purposes, members of the armed forces, ex-members of the armed forces not yet doing any work, persons registered as employed who are at present laid off, part-time workers counted as whole-time and wholly unemployed persons who would do some work if they could get any. The current unemployment figures are now awaited with interest. They will probably include, for statistical purposes, members of the armed forces on

leave, wholly-employed persons absent at mid-week football games, and Ministry of Labour statisticians temporarily out of circulation in the psychopathic ward.

Try Everything

TRAVELLING from Geneva to Nice for the purpose, a Frenchman and a Swiss have poured a bottle of Lake Geneva water into the Mediterranean, "as a symbol of tourist resort friendship." The attention of the United Nations organization has been called to this, and it is hoped that something of the same sort may be arranged between Lake Success and the Baltic.

No Cutlass-Rattling, Please

TRADITION dies hard in Antarctica, and both Britain and Argentina have again sent naval contingents to the annual bluff-calling exercises in the Falkland Islands Dependencies. According to precedent, each side welcomes the other to what it claims as its territorial waters, enters a protest against being so welcomed, and after an exchange of courtesies withdraws until the next season. This is obviously the way to settle these little affairs, and recent doubts expressed at Westminster



over whether our cruisers could blow the *Sverdlov* out of the water seem, by comparison, in pretty poor taste.

Clean Up or Bust

AS part of the movement to secure the banning of certain children's periodicals a selection of those regarded as "sexy, sadistic and lurid" will be displayed at Greenwich's four public

libraries. Parental indignation will thus be aroused, it is thought, and support enlisted for a petition to the Home Secretary. At the same time, and with the object of demonstrating the persistence into later life of unhealthy reading habits formed in youth, a companion display of similar periodicals for adults will be held at all newsagents.

Quicker to Fly

WHEN a tame budgerigar strayed from home and was found by a



Southwick man it chirped repeatedly "Renown 2961." The finder was thus able to dial the number and get through at once to Prospect 2406.

Worm's-Eye View

MR. ED. MURROW, the well-known American journalist and broadcaster, has been described by *The Observer* as "tall, dark, and cadaverously handsome." This grisly compliment unexpectedly opens up a rich verbal seam for the increasingly vocal but hard-pressed advertisers of masculine allure. We may yet live to read of a coat "falling in attractive shroud-like lines," or an after-shaving lotion "discreet as the tomb." The male of the species might, after all, turn out to be the deadlier.

Pores for Effect

GOVERNMENT vigilance for the national welfare is well exemplified by the recent Warble Fly warning (Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries). Farmers, it appears, are ignoring the Warble Fly (Dressing of Cattle) Order of 1948, and "about one British hide in

five has open warble holes" as a result. This means that they "cannot be used for high-grade upholstery in the motor-car trade." It seems doubtful whether warble-fly damage on this scale can be successfully checked, however, even presupposing co-operation from farmers whose interests are closely bound up with motor-car upholstery, and it may be that the Ministry will have to fall back on a strong publicity campaign to popularize the hides in their perforated state. "Always insist on Warble-hole Leather—It's Ventilated" might make a headline slogan.

Bad Example

REPORTS that Mr. Aristotle Socrates Onassis is having the state-rooms of his yacht *Christina* inlaid with lapis lazuli at twenty-five shillings a square inch could not have come at a worse time. Clydeside will simply be encouraged to slap still more ha'p'orths of tar on the *Britannia*.

Flower of Britain's Youth

SOME false sentimentality has been aroused by the case of Mr. Daniel Smith of Bristol, who, with spring just around the corner, was fined a pound last week for picking snowdrops in the grounds of the War Office Senior Officer's School at Erlestoke, Wilts. The law is the law, however, and assuming that the charge of damaging War Department property was the correct one (that, in fact, snowdrops appear on the Adjutant's official inventory at Erlestoke) Mr. Smith got no

more than he deserved, and it is no good getting emotional about it. Moreover, it should be remembered that the gardening at establishments of this kind is usually done by skilled soldiers, whose highly-paid labours are not lightly to be exploited by any passing taxpayer.

It Could Happen Here

THERE seems to be nothing in the Television Bill against the exploitation of human misery for entertainment purposes. Steps should be taken, before it is too late, to avert a state of affairs similar to that now exercising the New York City welfare authorities, who are alarmed at the numbers of persons stranded in the city after journeying there to relate their tales of human wretchedness before the television cameras ("I am a mother with an incurable disease, an ailing husband and seven starving babies"). A few of the pilgrims are successful, gaining their place in such programmes as "Strike it Rich," "Wheel of Fortune" or "Welcome Travellers" and receiving such measures of relief as washing-machines or children's hair-driers. But the rest are thrown heavily on the resources of public assistance. Perhaps Parliament should consider withholding its £750,000 subsidy, at present proposed for the

Independent Television Authority, and allocate it with prudent foresight to the Ministry of National Insurance.

Try it in Red Square

CORDIALITY characterizes our relations with Mexico, judging from a recent Admiralty announcement. When officers and men of H.M.S. *Sheffield* visited Mexico City by invitation of the President, Royal Marines paraded in the city square, receiving special permission to fix bayonets and fire a salute. Even granting no aggressive intentions by the Marines, the example of President Cortines in permitting a burst of unexpected rifle fire in the capital of a volatile nation might well be taken note of at the frontier posts of Europe.

Scandal in Bohemia

INTIMATE details of the lives of the great hold few surprises for readers of *Woman's Illustrated*. They accept with calm Mr. Godfrey Winn's assurance that Miss Agatha Christie works out her detective novels in the bath at her Chelsea home "with a pencil and pad on a board across the middle of the bath . . ." It is only when he adds " . . . where I keep my shaving tackle" that their brows may pucker.

We Are Seven

The birth is announced, from Lime Grove, of the "lower middle-class" Television Family



"SISTERS and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?"
"How many? Seven in all," she said,
"And all are on TV."

"Though that includes my parents dear,
Great-Grandmama as well,
And Len and Pat and Jack . . . I fear
There is no more to tell."

"Come, come," I told the blushful
maid,
"You owe the B.B.C.
Much more than this if you would aid
Advance publicity,"

"For nightly on the glowing screen
A myriad eyes will bend:
Tell what adventures may be seen
Before your story end."

"Alas," said she, "adventure's range
Will be discreetly small,
With nothing very rich or strange
Permitted to befall . . ."

"The sink, the socks, the washing-up,
A family squall or two,
Quite possible a mongrel pup,
The daily bathroom queue . . ."

"The clatter of the morning rush,
The 'Don't be late for school's,
The mandatory evening hush
While Father does the pools . . ."

"For most who view will want to see
Their own existence pass,
And hail, in snug turgidity,
The lower middle-class."

J. B. BOOTHROYD



THE NON-THINKER

The Decanted Village

SWEET Auburn, loveliest village of the plain,
For years quite inaccessible by train,
Can in this Age of Progress without fuss
Be reached conveniently by motor-bus.

How dearly in my youth I loved to see
The village train beneath the spreading tree,
Indulging, under most peculiar names,
In almost every form of fun and games!
Then did the seasons regularly appear,
And Christmas always came but once a year.
Successive, summer, autumn, winter, spring
Went gaily round and round like anything,
And carefree youth, as yet untaught to roam,
Was quite content with what it got at home.

But now the demolition is begun
And half the business of construction done.



After OL*V*R G*LDSM*TH

The dancing pair, that simply sought renown
At home, insist that they must go to town.
If to the city sped, what waits them there,
Yellow beneath the Concrete Lamp-post's glare?
And yet the heedless maid now spurns repose
And dabs a spot of powder on her nose.
The simple, moonstruck swain, no longer keen
To play at frolick on the village green,
Puts on a collar, and prefers by far
To go to Swindon to the cinema.
In earlier, happier days, when I was young,
The swain, responsive to the milkmaid, sung.
The milkmaid now prefers the gramophone.
The swain, unanswered, croons away alone.
For him no more glad village sports like these,
Whose sweet succession taught e'en toil to please.
He wants the Fuller Life. "Old times were bad."
He adds "And, if you doubt it, ask my dad."

Alas! the troubles that our Planners bring,
For modern traffic is a Two-way Thing.
And while the village lad must go to town,
Tired business men are always Running Down.
Each week-end sees, decanted in their wake,
A rash of City Slickers on the Make,
Expounding, with loud japes and gibes and cracks,
Their various ways to cheat the Income Tax.
And buses come as punctual as they go.
The overspill of Poplar or of Bow,
Descending, turns the Auburn of my dream
Into a Scheduled Town Extension Scheme.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where dumps proliferate and then decay.
Some old barbed wire upon the village green,
Just left to give enchantment to the scene,
Lies tangled there for seven years or so,
Since no one quite knows where it's meant to go.
Beside it, tendent to the odious dump,
Observe Ye Olde Englysshe Petrol Pump—
A Road House, where they'll give you, if you please,
Canadian dehydrated Cheddar cheese.
A television mast, the nation's pride,
When once installed, can always be supplied.
Mast upon mast, they stand, like buds in May,
To show that Progress now has come to stay.

A time there was before the world's alarm
When farmers sometimes were allowed to farm.
They sowed and reaped. God gave the increase. Now
The pen, it seems, is mightier than the plough.
Like bees in June, the glad inspectors swarm.
Each in succession waves his awful form.
Range-finders practise shooting on the bank,
And every rood of ground maintains its tank,
While by that strip, whereon in former days—
A grassy strip—some sheep were wont to graze—



:shelton.

"I'll just try to get him to say a few words."

A homely, sober flock—to-day is found
The Tarmac Concrete of a Landing Ground.

Here where some garden flowers grow fairly wild,
Where you can hear e'en now a screaming child,
Near yonder copse—or where it used to be—
The village preacher's mansion you can see.
In front the hawthorn blooms, but from the back
You step out straight on to the Speedway Track.
No parson now—alas, it would appear
He couldn't do on Forty Pounds a Year.
They've closed the school. The children go to-day
To school in buses several miles away,
And where the school-house stood in days of yore
The new Co-op has built its Village Store.
The Norman church, e'er since the pipes got blocked,
Though standing still, is generally locked.
To take the service, someone, when they like,
Comes once a fortnight on a motor bike.

Even now, as I stand pondering, I confess,
Naught greets the eye except a Splendid Mess.

But thou, Sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Come to our rescue with a Grant in Aid.
Thou source of all my work and all my play,
Most fit recipient of Equal Pay,
Aid slighted truth, if it should feel the strain,
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain.
Teach him that States of native strength possess'd,
Though very poor, may still be very blest,
But teach him—to be fair—that, what is more,
Though very blest, they may be very poor.
Teach us, sweet maid, teach us in deathless verse
That things, though bad, might even yet be worse,
But add this is the sort of stuff that goes,
If truth be told, about as well in Prose.

CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS

"LIBRARY IS NOT SHELVED"
Headline in *The Isle of Man Weekly Times*

Never mind. You won't have to dig down far for a Western.

Gardeners . . . Ar!

By PAT WALLACE



THE thing to grasp about gardeners, rather like nettles, really, is that they don't like flowers. There are two definite proofs of this: one, that if forced to plant them at all they will put them yards apart so that what you will see is a vast expanse of earth and a well-deployed column of lonely stalks; and, two, that they are all, repeat all, secret growers of chrysanthemums.

For me, that second fact clinches the thing, for chrysanthemums may remind one of autumn and bonfires and even, nostalgically, of childhood, or of wreaths in a sleety rain; or those big, hydrocephalic ones that cost a fortune and that other people buy can remind one of chow dogs. But flowers, no. In fact some of those pale mauve ones which have dead leaves from the word go are definitely anti-flower. And even people who like their smell would not be so reckless as to compare it with a flower scent. It is something else, perfectly different, just as tar is, or petrol or lonely hollows with TIP HERE notices, or blackboard dusters, or the river Liffey, or shoe shops; but not the scent of flowers.

Apart from their antipathy to flowers gardeners have many other odd and interesting, if not rewarding, traits. Each one of them is a specialist, but in a negative way. It's not a question of being tremendously good with Chinese beans or euphorbia or pricking out; instead they all have things (besides the

flora) that they simply *loathe*, and are prone to tell you about in voices of surly satisfaction. "Ar," they may say, "never done any good with me artichokes," or "Now, that stuff you ordered, colly-bristles or whatever" (and you can see that they're going to have some fun with this at the local), "I don't seem to have any luck with that. Come and 'ave a look." And, of course, when you have looked at the few withered midgets you decide never to read a gardening column again.

One does hear of gardeners who are perfect wonders at something or other, dahlias, perhaps, and in a positive way, but the information is always at third hand, like people who tell you about the Indian rope trick. Nobody's ever really seen the boy vanishing, or the carpet of red flax, my dear, under the mass of white roses.

There still are wonderful gardeners who are real specialists at any aspect of horticulture you care to name and a few you couldn't pronounce, but they are all working for the B.B.C. or the better nurserymen.

As a class, gardeners are more deeply pessimistic than any other set of professionals, except bookmakers. I once knew a gardener who prefaced every observation with the words "Opeless, 'opeless . . ." It was no use telling oneself that he was a character from Chekhov, then Dostoevsky, then Gorky, as one got progressively depressed; it had no effect at all. His melancholy recital would go on, about the cold or the heat or the rain or the drought; 'opeless, 'opeless, all of it, and as for they ole slugs—ar!

Cheerfulness, keenness, helpfulness, none of the Boy Scout virtues seem to go with gardeners. Take gardening equipment. They will tell you stories about the current lawn mower, and the time they have, pushing it for hour after hour—"It gets me just 'ere. My wife thought I looked dreadful when I come 'ome last night"—that will make *The Song of the Shirt* seem hilarious. So you listen and brood and calculate and finally buy a motor mower that costs the earth (sorry) and that does everything but make them their elvenses. And then what do you get? Gratitude? Cartwheels of enthusiasm? Not at all.

"Come and 'ave a look," and you are shown something like a green ploughed field, and are told that the blades regular chew the grass up.

Their potting sheds and huts are never big enough, although they only want more space in order to fill it with mysterious tins clearly labelled Baby Food or Biscuits, and filled with rusty, useless and above all unidentifiable objects.

And while we're on the way to the vegetable garden, how about the way gardeners never pick, or let anyone else pick, a vegetable till it's in the prize marrow class? Broad beans like sofa cushions, huge carrots as woody as Birnam, brussel sprouts with all the appearance of an *avant-garde* literary critic. And they *will* grow things that nobody in the household eats, like parsnips, long lines of them.

Of course they are deeply suspicious of even the mildest innovation, like celeriac, or sweet corn—"the earwigs've got *that*"—or that unfortunate calabrese. And try them with any herbs except mint and they'll look at you as if they could never hold up their heads at the village whist drive again.

As for the gardeners who grow certain things superbly, to be the wonder of St. Vincent's Hall, these men are wonderful but inscrutable. For nothing on earth would they tell one of their methods; on the contrary, they have the mysterious efficiency of the secret police.

And in case any non-gardener-bearing reader thinks that this is a breed capable of singing at its work, I will tell one story. There was a man who proposed to give a garden party in his large and beautiful grounds and who consulted his head gardener about it, two months beforehand. "When were you thinking of having it?" he asked. "In the second week of June," he was told. "Ah," said the miserable old oracle, "the worst week in the year for the garden."

H'm

"It probably would not be economical to do the complete air conditioning job by dehumidification alone, but large savings in refrigeration load are certainly possible. Here is a virgin field pregnant with possibilities!"
End of a letter to *Chemical Week*



"It's the twins' birthday on Saturday. Couldn't you escape?"



"Our founder . . ."

Corrida at the Marble Arch

By WILLIAM SANSON

I SAID to her, I said, I said—I said to her, I said: You mustn't get off here, I said, it's *nasty* crossing here!

But Gertie, you know *her*, she said: Pease Pudding, Flo! she said. I'm not the wreck of the Hesperus, I'm not dead yet, she said.

If she'd have known! I said, I said: You never know, I said. "Pease Pudding! Here I go!" she said. "Ta-ta—and love to Fred."

I gave that Gertie quite a look, you know, a kind of look. But up she gets and slings her hook as airy as you please. I kept my seat, I did, I knew. I knew I'm safe upon my Two—come pudding and come pease.

I said to Mabel afterwards, I said, I said I never, never in all my life I said, did I think I'd see the day, I said, the day I'd see what I saw then! It wasn't a Stop, I said to M. I said it was Lights, I said. But if ever a girl got a grandstand view it was me on my Two, I said. There was Gertie airy off the kerb—you know the way she walks—and you know her brown, not her blue, her *brown*, and the hat with the bird! In Town, I said!

Well off the kerb goes Gertie Bates, in front of my Number Two. Blind as a bat in that awful hat... and the traffic begins to move!

I saw Gert grip her great old gamp, and me I gripped my seat, we both gripped, Gert gripped, I gripped too,

and Time stood Still on my Number Two.

She looked to left! She looked to right! But never a copper, never a Light! Gert was alone with a Wall of Death! I gripped my seat and I held my breath... They all bore down with lamps like eyes and Gert can't move which way she tries! And then she sets her teeth to charge! There at the crossing by Marble Arch!

That's where it was, I said to M, it was there by the Marble Arch. And Gert like a bull in a ring, I said, a ring like they have in Spain, I said, with the buses all dressed in red, I said, and Gert like a bull gone off her head, or hardly a bull, Gert was more like a—no, I haven't the heart to say that now.

I can still hear the grinding of brakes to this day, my earholes are sizzling with honking and whistling—but Gert's off her head, she's not dead, she's seen red! Gert's quite the Madam, Gert's up and at 'em! Poll-headed broil like the horn of a bull, she charges a bus—and then see what she does! She whacks it and smacks it and cracks it and thwacks it—and then with a bellow "Up Housewives and Mothers!" she lowers her head and she's off at the others! She rounds on a roundsman! She's drubbing a dray! There goes a bike! There a cabriolet! Standard or custom-built, Gert's in to bust 'em—

filled flood-high with bloodrush she splinters a van! Crash goes a landaulette! Smash a sedan! Lorries and limousines, tandems at random, Gert's out to give 'em beans, broad with abandon! Whack goes our Gertie-bull! Crack, a convertible! Take *that*, you sauce-box! (gifting a horse-box). Roadsters and runabouts, coupés and coaches, tricycles, bicycles, ice-cycles, milk-floats—she's making the wicket surprisingly sticky for all God's wheeled creatures—even the dickies feel more than unseated, feel properly dicky. Gertie, you're murder, girl! Gert, you're a million!... But—dodging a hearse for better or worse, Gertie attacked a behind on a pillion...

For worse. You see, Fate's not a god but a goddess. And what Gertie did was not—well, not quite modest. At any rate, jammed in her trafficky sandwich, smothered in petrol fumes, deafened by language—Gert came her cropper... there just wasn't room for a sudden and silent electric brougham.

Silently, suddenly, tall as a wardrobe, it glided at Gert, caught poor Gert by the skirt, never a whisper, never a sign, like a matador marchioness drawing the line, drawing the line at a stab in the pillion, drawing a line where a line should be drawn, downdrawn the lips and updrawn the scorn, sweeping poor Gert as an old brougham sweeps clean—and clean off her feet goes our Gertie, our martyr, clean off her feet and her poor sweet tomato, prey to pray God knows what wattage and amps and a pair of those old-fashioned carriage lamps.

I said it, I said to dear Mabel I said, I said: That's the end! And I covered my head. I covered my eyes and I said: Dead and Gone... and that was just then when the bus drove on.

Oh how can I say it, I said to old Mabel, how car. I say it in that fancy way? About bull-rings and bull-fights and all such tomfool-things—speaking like that I said won't alter Fate nor our Gertie's poor date with her sistificate.

But that isn't all, I said to that Mabel, I said that's not *all*, I said: M, I just seen through my curtains a nightmare, a ghost, M, a dream! There in her window, up there in the night—Gertie Bates standing and shining in white!



"There's a car like ours."



Glowing there! *Gertie!* Ghostly as glue! White like a lily—I pinched myself blue! Larger than life—if life is that large—Gert who'd succumbed by the Marble Arch!

I'm not a believer—I wasn't till then, I said so to Mabel, yes Mabel, I said, believe what I say if you're able to Mabel, I'm sane as a pikestaff, it's plainer than plain—Gertie is up there in white, in the night! Gert at her window all bleeding and dead! And up on her forehead there's more to be said, I said Mabel there's up there a Cross on Gert's head . . .

Fiddlesticks, Florrie! said Mabel. You're dreaming! *Dreaming*, that Mabel said! Mabel said: Dreaming! Screaming such fuddy-dud—if you ask *me*, you'd be far better off for a nice cup of tea. Cup of tea, Mabel? Oh *Mabel*, I said! Talking of *tea* when I talk of the dead!

Gertie's not dead, Mabel said! I said, Mabel, she's up there in white, take those cups off the table!

If she's up there in white, Mabel said, it's her nightie, and if there's a cross

it's not death nor disaster but a dollop of out-patient's lint, gauze and plaster. Gertie was game, Mabel said. I said, *Mabel!* Mabel said, Florrie, be quiet if you're able—Gertie got down on her fours and went through, Gertie's not dead, Gert went muddling through and she's caught nothing worse as she's told us all later than a crack on the nut with an ac-cumulator.

Mabel! I said. I said, *Mabel*, I said. Mabel said, Dead? Mutton's dead, Mabel said. And now—who is ready for whose nice warm bed?

Mabel! Oh Mabel! Ooooooh *Mabel*, I said.

" ADDRESS OF THE INSTITUTION

The London County Council has recently changed the name of Princes Street (on the east side of the Institution building) to Storey's Gate, and in consequence the official address of the Institution will in future be known as No. 1 Birdcage Walk, Westminster, London, S.W.1."

The Chartered Mechanical Engineer
Tradesmen's entrance, Hammersmith
Broadway.

Viewing Time

WHAT is this life if, freed from care,
We have no time—except to
stare . . .

No time to savour food and drink,
Or read, or write, or sit and think.

No time to paint, or play the flute,
Or dig, or darn, or bottle fruit.

No time for politics, or pubs,
Discussion groups, or drama clubs.

No time for charity, or church,
Or local history research.

No time to give the dog a walk,
Or *play* a parlour game, or talk.

No time for breeding cats or cavies—
In brief (and *pace* Mr. Davies)

A poor life this, if we can spare
No time—except to sit and stare.

E. V. MILNER

On the Way to Her Sister

By J. B. MORTON

IT was a cold morning in June. Clive Merivale set off to walk to his office in the West End. When he came to a corner, round which was situated the block of buildings in which he worked, he paused to light his pipe, and before it was lit several people had fallen in behind him. For this was the year 1960, and the habit of forming a queue for no particular reason had become universal in London. The docility of the public had been considerably increased by a series of instructions issued by various Government Departments. It was pointed out that forming queues was a kind of military movement which would discipline the public, relieve the obstructions in the streets, and discourage the idle from crossing the road without a sufficiently good reason. There were the normal queues outside shops and television theatres, and at helicopter stops. But pedestrians now had a tendency to get into a queue whenever a street was overcrowded.

Merivale was a light-hearted young man, given to gay pranks. He glanced over his shoulder and saw that there were already a dozen queuers neatly arranged behind him. He buttoned his

overcoat and looked to his front, trying to adopt the patient attitude of the practised queuer. Those behind him knew that a queue often remained motionless for a long time, and they settled down to wait. A woman with a basket, and with an eye for symmetry, stepped into the vacant place beside Merivale, who took a step forward, peered round the corner, and shook his head, as though he had seen a solid line ahead of him. After five minutes he shuffled forward two paces, which brought him level with the corner; then, after another minute, he rounded the corner.

"Why, my goodness," said the woman at his side, "we're at the very head of the queue! Isn't that a bit of luck?"

"Yes, isn't it?" said Merivale.

"First time it's happened to me for months," said the woman.

"Really?" said Merivale. "Congratulations to us, eh?"

"You've said it," replied the woman. "We can go ahead with it, can't we?"

"I don't see why not," said Merivale, moving forward gingerly. "Can't rush it," he added. "It mucks up the

formation behind. They get all ragged. Must take it slowly."

So he took it slowly, with a decent pause between each forward shuffle. And in this way the leading file reached the entrance doors of the building, on one side of which a big brass plate announced "Baldicott, Baldicott, Baldicott and Trudge, Assessors of Chemical Fertilizer Accessories."

"Is this where we go?" asked the woman.

"I suppose so," said Merivale. "I noticed a queue coming towards us from the other direction, and the new regulation says that when two queues meet, the larger must turn sharp right. I think we're the larger of the two." He stepped back from the entrance, as though to make sure. Then, with the woman still at his side, he shuffled slowly down a passage. At the foot of broad stairs he made a long pause, to give the followers time to close up. He could hear a small boy crying with rage, and an irritable voice said "I'm sure I don't know where they're taking us."

"Cut out the grousing!" a man shouted. "It doesn't help."

Merivale and his companion began to ascend the stairs—a step and a pause, a step and a pause.

"Anyone can tell you're good at this," said the woman. "Some of them just dash on when there's nothing ahead. Unfair on everyone, I call it. Puts the wind up the ones at the back, who can't see what's going on and don't like those sudden spurts. And a spurt always means a long wait further on."

"That's what I always say," Merivale answered.

"I suppose there'll be a back way out—down back stairs or something," said the woman.

"I expect so," said Merivale. "We'd all look pretty silly if we couldn't get out."

"I would," said the woman. "I'm supposed to be going to see my sister. Luckily she lives near here."

"She ought to have joined the queue," said Merivale.

That made the woman laugh heartily. "Mohammed coming to the mountain," she said, "only her name isn't Mohammed. It's Alice." And she laughed more loudly than ever.



A tenor voice in the rear began to sing. "There's a long, long trail a-winding."

"Cut out the singing!" shouted the angry man. "It doesn't help."

"Well, I happen to think it does help," said the haughty voice of a girl.

"No accounting for tastes."

"You keep your tastes to yourself."

"Thanks, I will, and no help needed from you."

"Polite, aren't you?"

"We're nearly there, Dick," said a patient, motherly voice to the raging boy.

"Nearly where?" asked someone.

"You wouldn't be any the wiser if you knew," said the mother.

Meanwhile Merivale was at the top of the first flight of stairs. A man came out of a door, stopped, and flinched in mock alarm. "Morning, Merivale," he said, "I see you've brought the family."

"He must have jumped the queue," said the woman. "How did he know your name?"

"He must have guessed it," said Merivale.

"Ah, go on!" said the woman, and howled with laughter.

The ascent of the second flight of stairs began. Merivale was wondering what on earth to do with the crowd which stretched down behind him, along the passage and out into the street. Peering over the well of the stairs he could see the solid mass. Presently there was a commotion below. Looking back, Merivale saw that Mr. John Baldicott was trying to push his way up the stairs. There were cries of exasperation.

"Who does he think he is? . . . Take your place! . . . Hey! You can't do that! . . . It's a damned scandal! . . . Stop shoving! . . . Chuck him out! . . ."

Mr. John Baldicott took no notice of all this abuse. He barged his way to the head of the first flight and disappeared through a door. His raised voice could be heard saying "Who the devil are all these people, Clayton?" He found it difficult to believe that they had all come to have chemical fertilizer accessories assessed.

"He seems to live here, the lucky brute," said Merivale's companion. "I wonder how many more floors there are."

"Four more," said Merivale.

"You've done this before, then?"

"Every day," said Merivale.



"Phugh!" said the woman.

When they reached the second landing Merivale said "I'll go and ask someone."

He stepped quickly forward, entered the room where he worked, and waited a moment or two. He could hear a dull murmur outside. Then he came out again on to the landing and addressed the multitude.

"We're to go back," he said.

A roar of wrath greeted the words. Merivale held up his hand for silence. "It's only fair," he said, "that the head of the queue should now become its tail. I'm quite ready to go last. We'll just all turn round, and those at the back will be in front. O.K.?"

The people in the middle realized that they were getting the worst of both worlds, and they protested loudly. They would still be in the middle.

"It's the fairest way," said Merivale. "I'm the biggest loser."

"What price me?" said the woman. "I don't know why we ever came in here at all."

"Nor do I," said Merivale. "But there it is. Let's get a move on."

Sulkily the throng turned about, and

began, by instinct, to shuffle slowly down the stairs, until someone shouted "Get a move on in front there!"

Merivale and his companion fell in at the rear. When he came to the head of the stairs Merivale paused.

"I'll have to go back a minute," he said. "I left my hat in that room."

"I'll keep your place," said the woman, glancing round to see if there were any new comers.

"Thanks," said Merivale.

"I expect we'll meet again," she said, "next time I have to go to my sister's."

Merivale went back into the room and, from a window, watched the queue emerging from the entrance and beginning to break up into units. But the pavement was very crowded, and soon those who had got away quickly enough began to re-form and to proceed in a slow and orderly manner in the direction from which they had originally come.

"It was refreshing to sit with the Rev. S— in his stuffy little house in a Native Location outside Johannesburg."

The Sunday Times

Probably been down a mine.



William Sutby

The Daphne Pond

By G. W. STONIER



W e keep tropical fish. They restore a movement that went out of rooms with the coal fire. The old flicker was company, the new soothes and teases, bringing a touch of—is it life or art? Sweet on the eye, bright, far-fetched, the animated picture takes us to the heart of impossible shallows in Yangtse or Amazon.

For it is, of course—in the manner, say, of Douanier Rousseau—quite fantastic. No such fish company ever met together by chance. Strangers are introduced who could never in the ordinary way of waters have come within a thousand miles of one another: paradise fish from the China rice-fields, pompadours and red-noses from Brazil, Siamese fighters from a Siamese ditch. A dozen different races, perhaps, out of East and West, speaking (so to speak) the same language. All they ask is water mildly alkaline, a congenial plant life, light and warmth—plugged in, to the disruption of one's quarterly account—and some live food.

This last may not be so easy. The living tit-bit is hard come by, and enthusiasts will scour far and wide, dredging Thames mud for tubifex worms, luring honest garden worms to the surface under a blanket of tea-leaves, fishing for daphnia and fairy shrimps in pools, scooping mosquito larvae out of butts, cultivating in the dark of the linen cupboard white micro-worm and slipper animalcules. These introduce worlds no less strange and at times beautiful than the fishes.

One day, for example, a heavy rain-shower may leave a puddle. A week later it will be inhabited. Who are they, these darters? Cyclops, one-eyed, in shape rather like a squat bomb, and carrying eggs in the bomb-fins. One such, flashing emerald, I placed in an egg-cup of water on my window-sill, and before lunch it had disburdened itself of a family of thirty odd, red and quick as money spiders. To make an appetizer for a fish. This may seem ruthless, but there it is. One can't dabble in nature with vegetarian fingers. Peer into the like creatures wrapping themselves microscope and you'll discover Thurber-round succulences kicking as you or me.

To complete the cycle I ought, I suppose, occasionally to let my cat have one of those gay fishes he is fond of staring at.

But the natural quarry of the tropical fish-keeper—who may be found, in weathers far from tropical, haunting pond edges—is water-fleas or daphnia. If he's lucky there will be russet clouds of them, jiggling incessantly and too preoccupied with this struggle against gravity to bother about rapacious fish or fishermen. In ten minutes a rich soup will have been bottled and carried off, to thrive in tubs until eaten.

I am fortunate to have such a pond near. We walk down the road, cross a bridge, dive away into fields once farmland, and there, beyond bushes and waist-high cow-parsley, it is. A pear tree gone wild (one can just figure an orchard) drops flowers in the water, which is also a depository for old cisterns, bicycle tyres, and the like.

All this, of course, is still to come, when under an April sun we'll sweep to and fro carelessly. June will bring outsize catches. By early August it will all have vanished: pram skeletons will somehow have trundled away, branches and tins will be left low and dry. Not till autumn will a drop of water return, or daphnia, hatched from eggs in the caked clay. Bright mild weather is best, but we know the pond at all seasons, together with those who frequent it. For if one keeps fish, one discovers fish fanciers; a rare breed ranging from the Prime Minister to the local plumber, genial, expert, possessed of a fine jargon, and communicative of breeding triumphs.

Most of the frequenters are children, who know it as the "daphne pond" and have managed at home to introduce a pair of guppies or sticklebacks. It may run in families, Dad being the black-molly king of Middlesex, and Mum out of patience with the whole thing. Not that fish, I should say, break up families more than anything else.

Gigantic, after such expeditions, seem the beautiful, greedy, giddy inhabitants of our Rousseau in depth. Round and round, in and out they go, three-dimensional skaters. Striped barbs play at pantaloons; bumble-bees cling to a twig; angels are junks startled; cats dig and wink; and the eel-like coolie

balances on his tail. But what do they know of us, or we—for all our expertness—of them?

"Let's walk down to the daphne pond," I suggest.

We tramp out with a big jar, a net, and a walking stick to affix it to. Last time, our fishing grounds had frozen over, become a popular slide.

It's a cursed wind, and the water dark and shivery. We are lucky, sweeping in a figure of eight, to net a few hundreds to hold up to the light.

And the neighbours will say: "There's that Mr. and Mrs. S.—fishing again!"

"My fiancé never talks to me when he comes to see me but leaves me to do all the talking, and he never tells me anything. I am forty and he is forty-four. He has been single all his life and always wants his own way, also he is always bad-tempered, which makes me the same. I suffer from nerves and have been ill with a nervous breakdown. We had planned to marry shortly, but recently I found that he has saved nothing. I wonder if you can advise me what to do?"

From a woman's paper advice column

Try to make him jealous.





Priestley's Primer

Lessons for Little Ones

THE STATE

BOYS and girls should know that they owe much to the State. And when they are old-er they will owe more still. This will go on un-til they are dead. And ev-en then it will not stop. The State asks a lot—they are called Death Du-ties—for all-ow-ing you to die and not both-er an-y more. And un-less you are well in with it, it nev-er says *Thank You*. The State does not seem to of-fer good val-ue for mon-ey. It does a lot of fuss-ing now but it makes few peo-ple hap-py. Be-ing a State it has to think a lot a-bout war, be-cause oth-er



States are think-ing a-bout war. If some peo-ple packed up their State, per-haps oth-er peo-ple would do the same with theirs. Then there would be no States to have wars. Al-so lots of peo-ple might do use-ful work and earn mon-ey for them-selves. And some think the State is much too nos-ey now. It is al-ways ask-ing what you are do-ing or where you think you are go-ing. It makes too man-y rules. The on-ly peo-ple who do not have to o-bey these rules are those who help to make them. This is a bit thick. Per-haps if the For-eign Of-fice lot had to stand in lines for pass-ports, they would not be so keen on the pass-port i-de-a. At one time State chaps stayed at home and oth-er peo-ple saw the world. Now the oth-er peo-ple stay at home to pay for State chaps see-ing the world. Most of these tricks are worked by hav-ing wars. Or it will do just to keep a war round the cor-ner. If peo-ple are a-fraid, they will pay up and not say too much. The State is good at all these dod-ges. It is a great pro-duc-er of hank-y pank-y. One day it will be found out.

SIR BIG WIG

SIR BIG WIG is com-ing to tea. We are not glad. He is dull and stiff. There is no fun when he is here. He has not had an-y fun. He has al-ways meant to get on. He has done it by play-ing safe. He has nev-er stuck his neck out. He al-ways a-greed with im-port-ant ones. He was a sound man from the start. If men he knew turned un-sound he did not see them. He changed sides at the right time. He has nev-er lost his head. He is nev-er late, ang-ry or drunk. He is the best man for com-mit-tees. He is on scores of them. He does not miss a meet-ing. He will not

pro-pose some-thing un-sound and risk-y. He takes a safe line. When he speaks it sounds grand but he does not say too much. He can move a nice vote of thanks. His talk is like a vote of thanks. But then he has got on so well. Bet-ter put Big Wig on, they say. So he takes the Chair and sees the Press. He speaks at big din-ners and makes the same small jokes. He is sent a-broad to talk for us. He is giv-en the Grand Cross and Ord-er of the Star. In full dress his shirt can blaze though not his mind. He will go far. Soon he will be a Bar-on. Then per-haps an Earl. He will be at the top. But he will still be a Stuffed Shirt. And we are not glad he is com-ing to tea. With due re-spect, Big Wig, we say—*Gert-cher!*



ART AND SO ON

NAN and Dick went one day to the art show. They did not like it much. It was ver-y high art. The peo-ple in stone and bronze were queer. Some were just great lumps. Oth-ers had a lot of holes in them. The peo-ple in the paint-ings were just as bad. Most of them were too thick. They were like fat dwarfs. Some had green fa-ces. One had on-ly one eye which was pur-ple and too high up. Nan was a-fraid of that one. But Dick on-ly laughed. A man told Dick he should not laugh. This man had a beard and a dir-ty shirt. He said if Dick did not stop laugh-ing he would re-port him to Sir Her-bert Read. All the peo-ple at this art show looked as if they had a pain. They



were not gay at all. They frowned and mut-tered. Does Sir Ken-neth Clark frown and mut-ter? Is Sir Her-bert Read gay? There is much for Nan and Dick and all of us to learn here. Art is now hard to keep up with. You have to work at it to be in the know. If you see what it is, then it is not good, just hack work. If it is good, then you do not know what to make of it. But do not give your-self a-way. Do not say, like Dick, that it is up-side down. Nan was a good girl and did not say such things. She pre-tend-ed to ad-mire the show. She is prac-tis-ing to be grown up. She ev-en

tried a bit of frown and mut-ter work.* But Dick on-ly laughed a-gain. He is a naught-y boy. He will not be sent next time to the art show. But he does not care. When he grows up he will be a low-brow. Sir Ken-neth will not speak to him. He will be out in the cold.

IN THE GAR-AGE

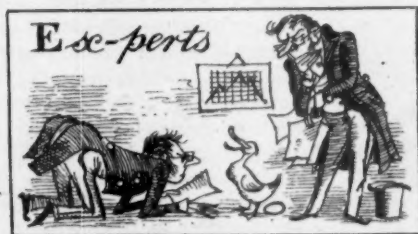
HERE is the gar-age. That is the man who will mend the car for us. Is he a good man? No he is not. But he is a clev-er man. He will tell a boy to take our car to bits. For this he will charge the time of two men. This is quite dear. When the car is in bits he will look hard at it. He will want to see if there is a good part he can take. This part will be put in-to a car. But not in-to our car. An old-er



part will go in-to our car. Then it will soon break down a-gain. The same boy will take it to bits. Now he will charge the time of three men. He will say it is a hard job. He will tell us our car is near-ly done for. He will try to sell us a car. This car will have bright new paint. But in-side it will be near-ly done for. It will have to come back here. The boy will be wait-ing for it. The man is a clev-er man but he is not clev-er for us. He is a kind of crook. He makes a lot of mon-ey but does not spend it on his boys and girls. He spends it on drinks and bets.

EX-PERTS

ANN and Ned, do not play. Sit still, please. You will like this piece. You are fond of pets. Now this is a-bout ex-perts and they are the pets of the grown up world. They are not as pret-ty as your pets but they do lots of clev-er tricks. Each ex-pert knows a great deal a-bout one thing. He has spent a long time learn-ing and think-ing. Once he



is an ex-pert he tells us what to do. He knows and we do not know. So we take his ad-vice. In old-en days there were few ex-perts. Men and wo-men then had to do with-out them. It was not so bad but it would not do now. We must have ex-perts now. We could not have our wars with-out their help. Or if we did, they would on-ly be small wars. And we can have Hot or Cold War now. Oth-er ex-perts make sure that food is good and cheap to buy. If we do not spend too much, that is be-cause we have ex-perts. Some will soon see to it that we fly at a thous-and miles an hour. This may not be good for our bod-ies and minds. Other ex-perts will at-tend to them. And they have pills to send us to sleep and pills to keep us a-wake. There are ex-perts who make sure

men do the same thing all day long at work. As a re-ward these men can buy TV sets so that they can see the same thing all night long. All done by ex-perts. Some of them say that in fif-ty years our life will be al-most as good as life in an ant hill. Ants live a ver-y ex-pert sort of life. They have done this for a long long time. When they start-ed they must have had a great man-y ex-perts work-ing for them, more than we have. But we are catch-ing up. Ann, Ned—how dare you! It is wick-ed to say we ought to kill them.

BAL-LET

BAL-LET has been the rage for some time. When you see it you have not to think. It is all danc-ing and show-ing off. Both the men and the girls put on thick paint. They look like strange dolls. Most of the girls are pret-ty. Some think the men are pret-ty too. They have thick thighs and large be-hinds. They are strong but do not boast of their strength. They jump up a lot and twid-dle their feet. Then they hold the chief girls who turn round and round. All this means much to those who know a-bout bal-let. If



you think it looks the same thing all the time, then you do not know. All kinds of tales can be told just by this jump-ing and twid-dling and turn-ing and walk-ing in a fun-ny way. You can tell which tale it is by the scenes and cost-umes and mu-sic. All work hard in bal-let. The girls are not wild now. They do not drink wine and stay up late. They go straight home to co-coa. Per-haps the men do too, but that is not known for cer-tain. The peo-ple who go to bal-let all the time are ra-ther odd. You can see and hear them in the bar at Cov-ent Gar-den. The wo-men seem too fat or too thin. They have pale and ang-ry looks. The men hiss a good deal. They do not hiss at the bal-let, which they a-dore, but at each oth-er in their joy. Some have soft fuz-zy beards. Some nights, at Cov-ent Gar-den, the in-ter-val is the best show. Sad-ler's Wells is our best bal-let though not yet on ice. It earns dol-lars in New York. We send our pret-ty girls all this way not to charm our friends ov-er there but to earn dol-lars. That is the way we talk now. It is a good thing their danc-ing is bet-ter than our talk-ing.

J. B. PRIESTLEY

Standard Clause for Insertion in any Modern Act of Parliament

IF anything shall seem,
The Minister may deem;
His certificate of demption
Shall provide complete exemption.

R. E. M.

Legislating Without Tears

By WILFRED FIENBURGH

THE Select Committee on Members' Expenses obviously based their recommendations on the wrong premise. They assumed, innocently, that our electors wished us to be present, active, prolific in speech, relentless in questioning and assiduous in the division lobbies. They reasoned that we should be able to do all this without having to mortgage our homes, deposit our life insurance policies as security for overdrafts, or send the children out to deliver newspapers. They were wrong. Apparently we are required primarily to earn our livings, devoting the overspill of our talents and energies to governing the country. Once the fallacious premise is corrected an entirely different report is suggested.

Instead of collating astronomical

statistics on the payments made to members of foreign legislatures, they should have investigated the means devised in other countries to absolve their rulers from the labours attached to their responsibilities. This is, after all, the push-button age, as the recently reported ingenuity of five Finnish M.P.s has proved. Looking at the order paper they noted that their whips required them to vote "yes" five times during the course of the day, so they wedged their push-buttons down with matchsticks and went out for a night on the town like truant schoolboys.

The Select Committee should perhaps have recommended the development of pre-set push-button voting computers so that a Member need attend only on Monday morning, set his buttons to register seventeen "ayes"

and six "noes" in the order prescribed by the whip and hurry back to the work bench to further the export drive.

Or the Committee could have taken note and based recommendations on the French system. One languorous autumn day I sunbathed in a small fishing smack a mile out in the Baltic. A wedge of geese flying south passed overhead. The boatman squinted up at them. "Soon the winter will be here," he said. But it had not yet arrived. So we trailed our hands in the water and soaked the sunshine into our skins. Beside me an ex-Minister of Finance of the French Republic lay, dressed in bathing trunks and a wrist watch. Languidly he glanced at the wrist watch.

"At this moment," he murmured, addressing the wedge of geese, and the boatman, and the clear sky, and the rolling Baltic, "I am taking part in a vote of confidence in the Chamber of Deputies."

The sail flapped in the breeze as we changed course, tightened as we leisurely veered farther out to sea.

"On which side are you voting?" I asked, forcing the words out slowly against the heat.

He closed his eyes and snuggled down against a heap of fishing nets.

"That," he sighed, "I do not know."

A month later I found out how it was done. I sat on the worn velvet of the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery in the French Chamber (so nice to be Distinguished, it takes some of the sting out of being a Stranger) looking at the semi-circle of empty desks. The Minister for the Associated Territories read a speech defending his financial estimates. A Communist from the rostrum deplored the loss of the finest flowers of French chivalry in the jungles of Indo-China. A De Gaullist said much the same thing. A Socialist lost himself among the milliards of francs under one of the sub-heads, and a division was called.

"How do you vote?" I asked the Deputy who was my host.

"Fortunately I need not leave you," he said politely. "The chief whip of each of the parties holds the voting cards for his members. These he will give to the messengers."

"A bit unfair on the chief whips,"



"I hope you enjoy this sort of escapism."

I said. "It means he at least must be present."

The Deputy looked at me sadly. I obviously did not understand just how *pratique* the French chief whips could be. For the messengers, carrying spherical receptacles for the voting cards, marched firmly up to the desks where the chief whips would have been sitting had they been present, opened the desk lids and took out the appropriate cards, "yes" or "no", working on a system I was unable to fathom, and popped them into the spheres. Even the messengers were *pratique*. When the bundles of votes were too big for the slot through which they should have been inserted, the messengers unscrewed the spheres and dumped the votes in through the holes provided to take them out.

Obviously there is material here for research by the Select Committee. There remains only the problem of making speeches *in absentia*. It undoubtedly diminishes a Member's earning power if he has to attend debates, catch the Speaker's eye, and utter his thoughts. But New World efficiency in the United States Congress has solved this problem. The United States legislator can demand to have anything he wishes inserted in the Record of Congress. So he can write his speech and save his breath. When he opens the close-printed pages in the morning, there, printed for all to see (local papers please copy), is the concentration of his wisdom. He can thus more profitably spend his time considering whether Mrs. Foogle, who sells polish to shoeshine boys outside the Military Police Depot in Cincinnati was, in fact, a member of the Communist Party in 1937.

Here, then, is the real solution: voting by proxy twice removed, the compilation of *Hansard* from speeches cut from *Times* leaders, and the liberation of the Member to more profitable pursuits. The Committee must re-convene and start again, from the beginning.

"... the children, none of whom was over 11 years of age, were designed by their teachers and made by their parents, and one boy carried a real old Oxfordshire shepherd's crook."—*Oxford Mail*

Equipped against further interference, probably.

Portrait of the Artist



MISS BARBARA HEPWORTH

THE stars have not dealt me the worst they could do:

My pleasures are plenty, my troubles are two.

I'll never be cultured or decently fed

With holes in my stomach and string in my head.

B. A. Y. (after Housman)

The Trumpet

By ANTHONY CARSON



I WAS a group leader in charge of some students at a University Course in Palma de Mallorca. One day a party of us decided to explore the island and discover a new kind of bay. The bays of Mallorca are like hoarded jewels, or jealously guarded veiled beauties only to be shown or named at appropriate moments. Everyone in the island has a secret bay that shines in his mind and which he will mention only under the stress of strong emotion, drink, or menace. Or someone will boast about *his* bay being the best, and someone else will say *his* is better, and the names are out.

One of the members of our party, Pepe, a Spaniard who played the

trumpet in a Palma dance band, had heard a drummer telling a waiter that he had been told by someone's uncle that the best of all bays in the island was called Torrente de Pareys. It was in the north-west, above Soller. Pepe was the boy-friend of Hilda, one of my students. "So good-looking," said Hilda, "but very temperamental about his trumpet." Hilda, a girl called Rick and myself agreed to hunt for this bay, and set out the next morning.

The bus climbed a twisting road like a spiral through pinewoods, and there was always a higher crag above us punctuated with cloud. We drove into mist and depression, weather permitted only in England, but suddenly it blew away and the sun blazed and the pines sweated incense. We drove through an

archway into a square, and this was Lluch.

"There is a mountain track here somewhere," said Pepe. "It leads to the road which takes us to the sea. I'll ask somebody." He did this, and we set off past the public fountain until we met somebody else who told us we were going the wrong way. So we walked back again and confronted the first man. He told us that the other man was wrong and we again passed the public fountain. The second man implored us to go back. "Mountaineers have been lost that way," he said. So we returned, and were surrounded by villagers who pointed emphatically towards the public fountain.

We retraced our steps, completely ignoring our second guide, and discovered a rocky road leading up the mountain side. We followed this road which quickly became a track and then a sort of trail used by sheep. We walked for two hours and then the trail gave out.

At this moment, in the distance, we heard the trumpet. It was shrill and clear and was playing a Spanish song-hit, *Olé Torero*. Or it was trying to. Half-way through the performance it went wrong and fell flat on its face. After this happened three times Pepe began dancing about and kicking ferns. "It cannot be," he cried; "I must stop this abomination." "But it's somewhere up a mountain," I said. "I don't care," he said; "I will be back." And he walked off in the direction of the noise. "He takes trumpeting very seriously," said Hilda. "What about our bag?" asked Rick. She was on the point of tears. "Never mind," said Hilda, "he's an artist." "To hell with that," Rick said, "we didn't come clambering all over here to correct people's trumpets." "Don't cry, Rick," I said fatuously, "look at the scenery."

In an hour Pepe was back, looking very depressed. "I couldn't find the criminal," he said. We continued our walk until we reached the winding road which led to the sea. At last we actually saw it, glowing tantalizingly behind the jagged teeth of the mountains. But it never seemed to get any nearer—finally, exhausted, we turned a corner and found a parapet. From this parapet we looked down on a view which kept us



"My client has asked me to make absolutely certain that the programme will contain nothing horrific, suggestive, controversial or questionable, nothing likely to 'knock' or boost the products of any competitor, no politics, religion, indecent exposure or vulgarity, nothing highbrow or obviously lowbrow, nothing that could possibly upset or annoy any viewer, nothing that the B.B.C. would in consider poor taste, nothing . . ."



silent for ten minutes. It was something out of the corner of a dream. It was a point of exquisite arrival. A rich wine-hued valley danced down to the arms of the sea, and in the sea a mountain was poised. By the blue water stood some houses. "You see," cried Pepe at last, "this is the way to get to bays. No good rolling there in cars. You've got to do it the hard way."

When we arrived down in the valley we found we were in a place called La Calobra. We had something to drink in a restaurant and looked thirstily at the sea. It was beginning to get dark. There was a purple glow and the stars came out. "Torrente del Pareys is farther on," said the waiter, "about half a mile. You go through a tunnel. I can recommend it for smuggling." We decided to stay the night at La Calobra and visit Torrente in the early morning. The waiter in the restaurant took us to a house higher up the valley, where we were given bowls of salt and water to bathe our feet and glasses of hot wine and sardines.

In the morning Pepe woke us all up

and we set out for the tunnel. It was about a hundred yards long. We groped through it and suddenly came face to face with a bay that was almost unattainable. It was miniature, surrounded by glowing sulphur mountains, with water of a shivering peacock blue. We tore off our clothes and plunged into the sea, then swam back to the beach and basked. We were woken up by the sound of a trumpet. It echoed through the tunnel, playing *Olé Torero* until it hit a wrong note, faltered and collapsed. Out of the tunnel emerged ten youths in Indian file, wearing bathing caps. The leading youth was playing the trumpet. Pepe immediately ran to his feet, but he wasn't quick enough. The young man, followed by the others, threw down his trumpet and ran into the sea.

Pepe stood there brooding. "The bay is utterly ruined," he said, "let's leave." We all remonstrated, but it was no good. We dressed and went back through the tunnel which by now was swarming with people and felt like a corridor in the London underground.

We had lunch in the restaurant. In the distance we could hear the mangled strain of *Olé Torero* as the youths returned through the tunnel. "What's the quickest way of getting out of this place?" asked Pepe. "By boat," said the waiter. "There's one leaving for Soller in half an hour. It only costs fifteen pesetas. Then you can get the train back to Palma."

It was very rough on the boat, and Rick started to be seasick. After we had been at sea for half an hour and were quite far out from land we heard the trumpet again. At first we could see nothing, but eventually a high wave gave us a view of another launch. On the plunging bow sat ten youths, with the leading man, like a figurehead, playing his trumpet. Before we could stop Pepe he had undressed and was standing in his bathing shorts. "Stop, Pepe, stop!" cried Hilda. Rick was being sick. Pepe dived into the sea.

Ten minutes later we could hear, ringing above the waves, the neat ordered cadences of *Olé Torero*. There wasn't a single mistake.



Monday, March 15

One of the most unpleasant—and, it is only fair to add, uncharacteristic—campaigns to have emanated recently from the Opposition benches is the movement to stop the reburial of the German war criminals in Lower Saxony. Two Members, Mr. ERIC FLETCHER and Mr. BARNET JANNER, made themselves the spokesmen for this faction, and were properly rebuked by Mr. EDEN with the telling phrase that he “was not prepared to carry hatred beyond the grave.”

After Mr. SELWYN LLOYD had given the House a bright round-by-round commentary on the recent rioting in Khartoum, Mr. TOM DRIBERG asked him a question about what he called “the tempo of Sudanization.” Dr. Edith Sitwell once hailed Mr. DRIBERG as a promising young poet. What would she have made of this terrible phrase?

Only a lawyer could hope to understand Mr. MACMILLAN's Town and Country Planning Bill, and the discussion of it was left largely to lawyers. Few other Members, indeed, bothered to listen to it at all. Mr. DESMOND DONNELLY on one side and Mr. ENOCH POWELL on the other gave some signs of knowing what the Bill was about, but the Opposition unwisely left their case to be wound up by Mr. GEORGE LINDGREN. It is as fatal to let Mr. LINDGREN talk about housing as to let Miss SUMMERSKILL talk about food, and he went off into his usual diatribe about a Tory pay-off to the landlords, and so on. Oh, dear.

Tuesday, March 16

The main focus of interest in the Lords' debate on the defence estimates was the resurrection of Lord HORE-BELISHA. It is now some nine years since he last spoke in Parliament, and fourteen since he held office—

plenty of time to live down the reputation he made for himself at the War Office. His maiden speech in the Lords found him slightly nervous, shifting constantly from one foot to the other like a parked elephant, and inflecting his remarks with a faintly defensive tone. After the long and painstaking oration with which the Opposition Lord ALEXANDER had countered the Ministerial Lord ALEXANDER, nothing that Lord HORE-BELISHA said could have failed to sound interesting; but his grip of strategy does not seem to have benefited from its long rest. His suggestion that our forces in Germany constituted a strategic reserve can only suggest that he had neglected to provide himself with any information about their commitments there. However, his novel proposal for solving the Egyptian

deadlock by digging a canal from the Mediterranean to Akaba in order to by-pass the Suez had about it the kind of insouciant unorthodoxy that characterized his military thought in the days when he and Captain Liddell Hart guided the fortunes of the Army.

Before the Commons went into Committee to consider the Services estimates there was a playful exchange over the payment of Cabinet Ministers. Mr. ERIC FLETCHER wanted the cuts in their salaries restored, and this prompted Mr. GERALD NABARRO to the reflection that, since an essential principle of Conservatism was payment by results, portfolios that under the Labour Government were worth five thousand a year should in their present hands be worth twenty thousand. “If the hon. Member was paid by results,” observed Mr. SHINWELL, “he would be in a state of destitution.”

Wednesday, March 17

A dozen more Peers spoke in the second day of the Lords' debate on the Defence estimates, and still they had not finished. Their Lordships, who are wiser in these matters (as in many others) than the Commons, did not, however, proceed to sit all night; they rose at half past six and decided to continue the debate next day.

Outstanding among those who took part in the debate were Lord FREYBERG, with some characteristically dashing proposals for the conduct of the next war; Lord TEDDER, with a plea for supersonic bombers to replace guided—or “misguided”—missiles; and Lord JEFFREYS, the Captain Waterhouse of the Upper House, with some forceful words about “strong action” in Egypt. Civilian Peers who intervened tended very properly to confine their remarks to the Territorial Army.

Mr. ARTHUR LEWIS, in the Commons, presented a petition, signed by a hundred and fifty thousand members of



the "working classes," calling for the removal of the discriminatory tax on totalisators at greyhound tracks. Mr. LEWIS was roundly cheered when he announced that he had never been to a dog track or had a bet on a greyhound race.

Mr. GAMMANS let a small kitten out of the bag when he told the House during questions that there would be a debate on television next week. Everyone knew there would; but it was not his place to say so, and he darted a quick look at the Chief Whip as soon as he realized his error.

The House considered the Atomic Energy Authority Bill in Committee until eight o'clock, when the debate was adjourned so that a prayer for the annulment of the Railways (Additional Charges) (Amendment) Regulations, 1954 might be fully discussed. There were in point of fact three prayers, dealing respectively with railways, with docks and with canals, but it was to everyone's advantage to debate them together, and a widely-ranging debate ensued. It lacked two minutes of midnight when Mr. LENNOX-BOYD rose to put the Government point of view. He was not able to promise Sir DAVID ROBERTSON any cheaper rates for rail freight to Scotland, nor Captain ORR any cheaper rates to Northern Ireland; but he did promise Mr. CHUTER EDE a survey of British canals.

Thursday, March 18

There were still a handful of Peers anxious to have their say before Lord DE L'ISLE AND DUDLEY wound up the Lords' Supplementary Estimates Defence debate.

Of the many stimulating thoughts this has produced, none has been more interesting than Lord NATHAN's proposal that we should "plan for improvisation." Beyond an appreciative reference to "the technique used at Dunkirk and for the D-Day invasion," the noble Lord did not explain how



"... If Mr. Nabarro were paid by results he would be in a state of destitution."

Mr. Shinwell

planning for improvisation is carried out, but it sounds a nice economical policy. Lord NATHAN also repeated the demand made on Tuesday by Lord ALEXANDER OF HILLSBOROUGH for an examination of our military commitments—an examination which Lord DE L'ISLE AND DUDLEY properly denied him, on the ground that it would hardly be calculated to engender Allied confidence.

At the end of questions in the Commons, Sir THOMAS DUGDALE rose to commend to the House the Annual Review of the Agricultural Industry, in which, at last, farm prices to farmers take a downward turn. As Members did not yet have their copies of the review, there was little discussion, and they turned unenthusiastically to debate the

Civil Supplementary Estimates. Mr. "TOBY" Low went in first, to move a modest supplementary estimate of ten pounds for the Ministry of Supply. By four o'clock his audience comprised five Government and nine Opposition supporters. After Mr. DODDS-PARKER had asked for a further £150,000 for the United Nations, the House temporarily left the business in hand to hear a Private Bill, presented by Dr. CHARLES HILL from a back bench, seeking county borough status for Luton. This boon they found themselves unable to grant, and after an exchange of views they went back to the Civil Estimates.

They polished off the rest of these without further argument and passed to the Committee stage of the Bill about the British Industries Fair. In the course of this discussion Sir EDWARD BOYLE, an amiable cross between Burke and Billy Bunter, said "I did not put down an amendment because I was impressed by the speech of my hon. friend the Member for Kidderminster"; so perhaps Mr. NABARRO may find himself rescued from destitution after all.

Friday, March 19

The plight of those in receipt of pensions and fixed incomes was the theme of Dr. KING's Bill. The importance of this motion and Dr. KING's eminent fitness to handle it were attested to by what is on Fridays a crowded house—almost thirty—and by the presence on the Opposition front bench of Mr. ATTLEE, Mr. JAMES GRIFFITHS and Miss SUMMERSKILL. The Government did not extend their courtesy beyond a solitary Parliamentary Secretary, Mr. TURTON; but they too had some useful minds on the back benches.

Third on the programme was a motion by Mr. NABARRO "to call attention to the habits of the mobile police." It seemed a shame that such a promising theme should not stand a better chance of discussion.

B. A. YOUNG



The Rake's Progress : The Poet

By RONALD SEARLE



1. Discovers *The Wasteland*. First verse play published in *The Cherwell*. Drafts autobiography



2. Captivated by German Youth Movement. Settles in Berlin. Shakes hands with W.H. Auden and Christopher Isherwood. Deported.



3. Joins International Brigade. Barcelona. Sunstroke. Converted to '89. Reading of own poems at Kingsway Hall



4. Dines with Cyril Connolly. Special issue of *Horizon* devoted to tone poems. Shakes hands with Stephen Spender



5. Dirge, accompanied by Tongan nose flutes, broadcast on Third Programme. British Council lecture tour. Friendly Islands. Nods to C. Day Lewis



6. Accepts Chair of Poetry at a Los Angeles girls' College. Visits Aldous Huxley. Succumbs to mescaline.



BOOKING OFFICE

Take a Chair

The Dictionary of English Furniture.
Percy Macquoid and Ralph Edwards;
revised and enlarged by Ralph Edwards,
C.B.E., F.S.A. *Country Life*. 3 vols. 30 gns.

THIS splendid work, long out of print, first appeared in 1927. It deals with English furniture from mediæval times to the period loosely known as "Regency." Since the original compilation was made, considerable developments have taken place in the study of furniture; and Mr. Ralph Edwards, one of the two original collaborators, well known as Keeper of the Department of Woodwork in the Victoria and Albert Museum, and one of the most distinguished living authorities on the subject, has drastically amended almost every article. There are some three thousand illustrations, about forty of them coloured.

Arranged alphabetically, the information available—for professional or amateur—is immense. From "Acacia wood," referred to by Evelyn, the diarist, to "Zucchi," husband of Angelica Kauffmann and painter of decorated furniture, stretches, in these three volumes, the immense and varied furniture kingdom as it flourished in this country during six centuries. English furniture is, of course, second to none in the world, and even those who take no more than the most superficial interest in furniture, as such, can hardly fail to be impressed, as they turn over these pages, by the richness and originality of design. These pictures of beds and tables, chairs and cupboards, bookcases and sideboards, express a great part of the magnificence of England's history.

"Chippendale's name no longer completely overshadows that of his contemporaries," writes Mr. Edwards; "he is now known to have a formidable rival, perhaps a superior, in William Vile during the ascendancy of rococo taste." It may come as a surprise to some people to learn that "not a single piece of furniture can as yet be assigned to Hepplewhite's firm on documentary grounds, while Sheraton's case is in that

respect similar; indeed, there is no evidence that he ever possessed a workshop of his own."

In examining what amounts to a history of English furniture, one is struck again and again by that mysterious entity—changing taste. These outward expressions of what human beings feel within are, of course, a commonplace of literary criticism. At one moment people like to think of



themselves in terms of Pope: at another, in terms of Swinburne. In painting, one generation sees an interior as a Vermeer; another as a Vuillard. And furniture provides some of the most extraordinary contrasts, because the utilitarian element fuses with the aesthetic.

Chairs, for example, were originally a symbol of authority as much as an object to sit upon. Even the "joyned chair" of the latter half of the sixteenth century looks very much like a wooden throne. The Pre-Raphaelites made some effort to popularize seating accommodation of this pattern (*vide* pictures by Sir Max Beerbohm), though on the whole unsuccessfully. In fact the more old-fashioned type of public house is nowadays the place where it is easiest to recover the physical sensation of being a feudal baron presiding over a manorial court. "Qwishons" are mentioned

towards the middle of the fifteenth century, and must have been very acceptable.

These chairs of box-like form were sometimes described as "close"; and from them is, of course, derived the close-stool, a fifteenth-century break-away, in palaces and great houses, from the garde-robes and structural sanitary offices of the Gothic Age. One of the Royal Wardrobe accounts of the period described close-stools as covered with "fustian of Naples." At a rather later date, in the reign of Edward VI, there were four at Somerset House "covered with grene vellat fringed with Venice gold and grene silke and embraudered with the Kinges armes and badges."

However, this is a digression. What strikes us chiefly is how utterly different must be the point of view of a man sitting on a "joyned chair," or the oak chair (c. 1660-70 from Doddington Hall, Lincolnshire) decorated with knob turning, to that of one sitting in the armchair (c. 1800 from Langleys, Essex), japanned black and gold: the reeded arm supports finishing in lions' heads; or, for that matter, the beechwood armchair of similar date, carved, painted and gilt in the Egyptian manner.

It is interesting to notice that the high child's chair alters comparatively little in design from the early-seventeenth century to the nineteenth. If there were sophisticated children who were brought up in high chairs with sphinxes' heads and claw feet, no examples are shown us here.

Bookcases are not found before the reign of Charles II, although pictures exist of scribes sitting beside aumbries, or hanging cupboards, with books inside them. The Vice-Provost of Eton, for example, in the middle of the sixteenth century, states that he stored his "lytell bokes" in aumbries. Among his other distinctions, Pepys' bookcases, now at Magdalene College, Cambridge, are probably the earliest domestic examples to which a date can be given.

One could really go on like this for ever. History, Art and Psychology are inextricably mingled in these pictures, and in the succinct, often quietly humorous, accounts of the furniture

under examination. These articles, by many well-known hands, are enforced with quotations from literary works of the period. In short, *The Dictionary of English Furniture* is an encyclopædia of quite exceptional interest and attraction.

ANTHONY POWELL

British and International Racing Yacht Classes. Edited by H. E. Whitaker. Ward, Lock, 25/-

'Too much like a catalogue perhaps to be of much interest to the general reader, this book will serve as a valuable guide to enthusiasts who, already bitten by the sailing bug (and what a tenacious and infectious disease follows its bite!), seek advice on the particular racing class they might join.

Alas! the days of purses deep enough to support the towering masts and clouds of canvas proper to the great racing days of the 1920s and '30s are, apparently irrevocably, gone, but here are expertly compiled details of national and international classes, from ocean racers and slender six-metre thoroughbreds, through *Dragons*, *Swallows* and fourteen-footers down to the *British Moth*—a chunky little eleven-footer developed on Regent's Park Lake and in "The Volunteer," Baker Street. And lots of information on the making of the Y.R.A. and other rules, besides lines of most classes cheek by jowl with action photographs that admirably offset the matter-of-fact nature of the letterpress.

J. D.

Héloise and Abélard. Etienne Gilson. Translated by L. K. Shook. Hollis and Carter, 16/-

This exorbitantly priced little book deserves the attention of the general reader, despite its detailed notes and academic provenance. With great

psychological as well as historical knowledge it examines the famous story against a background of the lovers' beliefs. The letters, for whose genuineness Professor Gilson argues in an Appendix, are unintelligible if read in the light of courtly or romantic love and not in the harsher but more intense light of twelfth-century theology. At first Héloise is sometimes painted as a blue-stocking Griselda, but with Abélard's tardy conversion from an iconoclastic don to a throbbing mystic, her passionate retention of her earthly love ceases to attract her chivalrous defender's eloquence.

The further purpose of the study is, by illustrating the diversity and self-awareness of the mediæval mind, to criticize the stock humanist picture of the Renaissance, apparently one more prevalent in France than over here. Written gaily, charitably, ruthlessly, it combines the great traditions of French scholarship in the history of ideas and French ingenuity in the analysis of women. The translation reads easily and appropriately.

R. G. G. P.

My Wild Friends. James Walton. Faber, 15/-

While others dreamed of engine-driving, little James Walton thought he'd keep a lion. He compromised with white rats. Years later came the day when, opening a newly-arrived box, he waited for his six-months-old lioness to step out. Within three days he was feeding her by hand, and soon he thought nothing of sharing her afternoon nap. As important as understanding an animal is to behave in ways it can understand: the ninety-six photographs show Mr. Walton, enviably if at times oddly, on romping terms with foxes, badgers, lions, cheetahs, leopards.

An early test of sympathy was the badgers which gamekeepers used to ask him to release from traps; this he did by hand, unbitten, and nursed them to friendliness. His lions thrive (in Durham) in open cages, enjoying woodland walks, and if met on the road with collar and leash would be—according to Mr. Walton—within the law. But not, he suggests, a hobby for town-dwellers.

G. W. S.

The Age of the Moguls. Stewart Holbrook. Gollancz, 16/-

For one fervid century ending not so very long ago big business in America ran wild. From the days of the first Vanderbilt who gathered in a mere two hundred million dollars, to the later share pyramid-pilers who got really rich, and forward to the Hearst dynasty one of whose six estates covered four hundred closely barred square miles, there was really nothing to stop it. Judges could be bought, legislatures sweetened, rival pockets picked for railways, mines and steel-works, while always a nameless multitude of wistful deluded suckers was trailing behind anxious to thrust its poor

little dimes into the thick fists of the scrounging pirates.

Though the writer thinks that most of them—Gould, Fisk, Rockefeller, Guggenheim, Mellon, Carnegie and the rest—were due under present-day rules for a life-time apiece in gaol he cannot refrain from smacking his lips, in brisk American idiom, over their gorgeous opportunities, salving his conscience, however, by deciding that their hectic activities may have been necessary for America's fire-speed development. His breath-taking narrative is half derision, half desire.

C. C. P.

Pig and Pepper. David Footman. Verschoyle, 9/6

The reissue of this novel, first published in 1936, provokes some rather sad reflections about "humorous" post-war fiction. For it is, among other things, a comic novel; and how drearily unfunny most comic novels are nowadays! High spirits, for some mysterious reason (could it be the Welfare State?), have gone underground; humour tends to be earnest and rather gritty; one is half afraid to laugh, in case one is missing something Significant.

Pig and Pepper, thank goodness, is not significant at all: it is just a good old-fashioned pre-war frolic, set in a small Balkan state, with plenty of intrigue, plenty of Love (mildly indecorous), and a dash of romantic adventure. The humour is "dead-pan," more or less in the Waugh tradition, and sometimes well up to the standard of *Black Mischief*. Thank goodness for a thoroughly enjoyable and very funny novel; one can only hope (a) that Mr. Footman will soon start writing again and (b) that *Pig and Pepper* will be made a compulsory subject in the Eng. Lit. curricula at Leeds, Durham and Reading.

J. B.

Reach for the Sky. Paul Brickhill. Collins, 16/-

A great deal has been written about the Battle of Britain, but this biography of Group Captain Douglas Bader, D.S.O., D.F.C., while repeating much of what has become familiar, is concerned with the personal activities of a remarkable fighter pilot. The author deals briefly with boyhood, college and Cranwell days, depicting with amusing incidents his ebullient nature and unconquerable spirit. This abnormal will power which stood him in good stead following a flying accident in 1931, at the age of twenty-two, when he lost both legs, later made him the object of admiration and hero worship by many, but inevitably caused others to regard him as a pompous egoist. No one with the slightest interest in the R.A.F. or flying can fail to enjoy the description of Service life which will cause many a nostalgic memory among those who flew during the last war, while those who were prisoners of war will



A drawing from "This Merrie English", by Roger Rangemore (Epcworth Press, 6/-), a knockabout history of English Literature, vigorously illustrated by Sillince.

appreciate the accounts of Bader's attempts to escape, which eventually landed him in Kolditz.

Still flying his own aircraft all over the world, Bader must be an inspiration to anyone who has lost the use of limbs and, in fact, an example to all of what grit and determination can achieve. A. V. C.

Thomas Hardy. Evelyn Hardy. *The Hogarth Press, 25/-*

This straightforward account of Hardy's life, with critical comments on his work, does not add much to the many other books on Hardy. It is a pity that Miss Hardy did not concentrate on one part of the field. Her casual remark that Hardy's metrical debt to Donne has never been adequately studied and her notes on the imagery of each of the novels show two ways in which she might usefully have specialized.

Some carelessness of writing and more of printing, including the transposition of a page to a part of the book to which only the conscientious will bother to follow it, rather unfairly put the reader off from an always sensible and occasionally acute study. The writer surely overrates Hardy as a thinker. His contributions to philosophy were about on a level with those of Yeats to theology. The typical countryman side of him included a good deal of the Oracle of the Bar Parlour. R. G. G. P.



Christopher Isherwood—MR. MICHAEL GWYNN Sally Bowles—MISS DOROTHY TUTIN



AT THE PLAY

I Am a Camera (NEW)
Othello (STRATFORD-UPON-AVON)

IT makes a nice change to find a modern play in which two young people are great friends, more or less living together, and yet choose not to become lovers. This situation is so strikingly original that, in *I Am a Camera*, it almost compensates for the absence of dramatic tension. Christopher Isherwood's stories about Berlin in the early 1930s were short enough to avoid any deep characterization; they were superficially amusing, a parade of eccentrics living untidily, on a sea of hock and conversation, in the first shadows of Hitler. In trying to put this on the stage JOHN VAN DRUTEN, it seems to me, has attempted the impossible; for, removed from the literary atmosphere of Isherwood and seen in the round, Sally Bowles is essentially a dreary little thing to whom nothing much happens except that temperamentally she is either up or down. This episodic play (in which Isherwood, seeing with the objective eye of a camera the scene he is describing, leaves his desk to take the part of Sally's faithful companion) rolls on so evenly that one scene before the end I thought it had finished. The arrival of Sally's tweeded mother, ignorant of her daughter's goings-on but brightly assuming a marriage with Isherwood, is mildly comic at the expense of an air of desperate contrivance.

All the same, the writing is skilful, and more could have been done with the play, though the author is his own producer. More must have been done in New York to make Sally interesting. Half gold, half slut, she is a girl from a conventional English home who is steadily going to pieces and on the whole enjoying it. By this stage in her decline, when an abortion teaches her nothing except that one day it might be comforting to have a baby, her *naïveté* would surely have had a harder crust than DOROTHY TUTIN gives it. Her Sally, I felt, would long before have rushed back to England in maidenly palpitation. Even transferred to lodgings in Berlin the Babes-in-the-Wood idyll wears a little thin when one of the infants is so tediously amoral in the early Waugh manner. Miss TUTIN has a great deal of charm, but she doesn't persuade us that Sally could have lived as she did. Nor does MICHAEL GWYNN capture the spirit of a young writer eager for experience. He is a very sincere actor, and admirable on the brotherly, understanding side, but Isherwood comes out a rather dull dog. Although other characters help to fill in the scene—HUGH McDERMOTT's outsize American, MARIANNE DEEMING's over-sexed landlady, ROBERT CARTLAND's anxious Jew—the play rests, uncertainly, on Sally and Isherwood and on their relationship.

By mixing imported stars with a young

company of promise Stratford has built up a big reputation since the war, making itself the most consistently popular theatre in Britain. After years of success it can scarcely be for reasons of economy that this is to be a season without imports. The idea of letting a young cast show what it can do has a gallant ring, but unless exceptional material is available there is a danger that one of our main substitutes for a national theatre will sink to the level of a rep.—good, maybe, but not nearly good enough. At the opening this danger became all too clear.

ANTHONY QUAYLE, one of the Directors, has produced *Othello* and plays the Moor. It is not a very happy performance, because although he has the right physique and a fine voice, the commanding simplicity is missing (remembering what this meant with Godfrey Tearle) and he speaks the verse self-consciously. BARBARA JEFFORD, who, like Mr. QUAYLE, has scored in the past at Stratford, suffered on the first night from an unaccountable fit of whispers. Her Desdemona looked lovely, but was strangely empty of feeling. And the Iago, conceived by RAYMOND WESTWELL as a bluff, disgruntled sergeant-major with neither subtlety nor relish, was equally disappointing. WILLIAM DEVLIN's Brabantio came nearer the mark; so did TONY BRITTON's Cassio; and in the last scene JOAN MACARTHUR suddenly stood out as a touching and stinging Emilia.

TANYA MOISEWITSCH gave us a good set, the bottle party at Cyprus was unusually well managed—and one still hopes.

Recommended

A Question of Fact (Piccadilly), *The Burning Glass* (Apollo), and *A Day by the Sea* (Haymarket) are London's most stimulating plays. ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES

An Inspector Calls
Bang! You're Dead

THE director who made such a good job of *The Intruder* has not been able to do so well with *An Inspector Calls* (Director: GUY HAMILTON); partly because a work first conceived and constructed as a play limits the range of the screenwriter, no less indirectly than directly. He may take immense trouble and use great ingenuity to disguise the play's limitations of scene and provide it with variety of effect, but somehow the very fact that he has done so is always noticeable. The change of scene or the presentation of an episode that in the play is merely referred to or implied, is made recognizably for variety and not for any more essential story-telling reason.



An Inspector Calls
Mr. Inspector—ALASTAIR SIM

It is perhaps unfair to approach a film in this exaggerated state of watchfulness, and it may be that if we didn't know that J. B. PRIESTLEY had written *An Inspector Calls* as a play it would come over as a straightforwardly good film. The central dinner-party which is interrupted by the arrival of the mysterious "Inspector" (ALASTAIR SIM) is used as a focus for flashbacks—but then so was the basic situation of *The Intruder*, which was incontestably a very good film. In that, the leading-in of the flashbacks was notably ingenious, and it seems less so here, but the very structure of the story is chiefly responsible for that.

The point is that a group of people are induced, by the omniscient "Inspector," to recall the occasions on which they were concerned in the life of a girl who they are told has just killed herself. Recalling them—and we see the episodes in flashback as they do—brings the realization that every one of the people present can take a share of the blame for her death.

To the people in this central scene, it appears after a time that the girl towards whom all of them behaved badly might—there is no certainty—have been different in each case; and the message of the story would, I think, be more effective, in a way, if this point were left doubtful or even if it were established (for the audience) that each case did concern a different person. That all five of them without the others' knowledge should have done wrong by the same girl inevitably smacks of contrivance. But we see the episodes and know from the first that it is the same girl, so that can't be helped.

And the part is very nicely played by JANE WENHAM. All the acting in fact is good, but hers is the least usual character. The director well balances the style of the recalled episodes against the more enclosed, artificial atmosphere of the party, and as a whole the picture makes its point in a pleasantly stimulating way.

Bang! You're Dead (Director: LANCE COMFORT), showing as the other half of the same programme, has the invaluable quality of freshness: freshness of scene and circumstance (we have not been overburdened with stories about woodsmen living with their families in Nissen huts on the edge of a Berkshire forest), and freshness of character including two small boys with credibly odd obsessions. One likes to carry about an old gramophone and constantly play a record of the song "Bang! You're Dead," with the operative words of which the other likes to synchronize an imaginary shot at anyone within range. One day the latter finds a real loaded gun and unconcernedly, unknowingly and all in fun kills somebody with it. Misunderstandings, false accusations, suspense; interesting details of the life and work of the woodsmen; and a satisfactory dénouement. An unpretentious little film, well done by all concerned; I liked it.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Also in London is *The Saga of Anatahan*, a strange work made in Japan by JOSEF VON STERNBERG, about a number of Japanese seamen who spent seven years marooned on a Pacific island, interesting as a curiosity and for the characteristic von Sternberg shadow-dappled visuals. Otherwise the noteworthy pictures in London—apart from good old *M. Hulot's Holiday* (25/11/53), and *The Moon is Blue* (20/1/54), which may still be available—are also among the new releases: *Julius Caesar* (18/11/53) and *The "Maggie"* (10/3/54).

RICHARD MALLETT



AT THE OPERA

The Pearl Fishers (SADLER'S WELLS)

THE portraits give Bizet so much beard and pince-nez that it is hard to credit he was ever really a young man, save in spirit. Yet the facts are there. He wrote *Les Pêcheurs de Perles* at twenty-four, or younger. Already his mastery was that of a fifty-year-old.

There is only one truly deplorable bit. The offstage chorus near the end of Act One, *Ah! chante encore*, is immature to the point of babyishness. Berlioz wrote ironically about its jejune rhythm in his *Débats* notice of the first-night. When VILEM TAUSKY, the lively and well-versed conductor, reached this horrid page, those of us who had been forewarned gritted our teeth and clutched our chair-arms. It was all over in a moment. The rest of an opulent, shrewdly-built score took the edge off a disagreeable memory.

The sport of echo-spotting, often stupid, is especially so in the case of *Les Pêcheurs*. When not using common operatic idioms of his day—a very different thing from aping or copying—the young Bizet was assiduously discovering Bizet, presumably to his joyous surprise. In their duet *Au fond du temple saint*, ROBERT THOMAS (Nadir) and JOHN HARGREAVES (Zurga) were joined with ravishing effect by harp arpeggios and cool, floating flute notes. Bizet was never more serenely himself than in this exquisite number.

Knowing he had hit on something rare, and reluctant to let it go, he turned the duet melody into a leitmotiv. "Wagnerism!" hissed the echo-spotters of a bygone generation. Until 1922, when G. B. Shaw announced that Cyril Scott, Ireland and Howells, among others, had effected a complete technical revolution in musical composition, this was by far the jolliest mistake in the history of music criticism.

The sweets and splendours of the score make the plot look a novelettish little thing. Léïla, the consecrated virgin, is invoked to pray for the well-being of a tribal pearl-fishing community. Instead of keeping her mind on her work, she dallies with a strapping young tenor,

forfeits her life, and is saved from the punitive pyre by the creaking arm of coincidence. In the person of PATRICIA HOWARD she sings agilely, often brilliantly.

The story, then, has no psychological undertow. The characters do not mean a thing. The John Piper sets are little more than familiar Piper formulae. BASIL COLEMAN's production is cogent but never obtrudes. What could be better? Bizet has everything his own way. He deserves no less. CHARLES REID

AT THE BALLET



Antonio and his Spanish Ballet

(STOLL)

Coppelia (COVENT GARDEN)

"BALLET" is, perhaps, not the right word for the mixed bag of *divertissements*, traditional dances and solos to the number of fifteen items which makes up Antonio's programme. Nor are the finer points of Spanish dancing and stylistic differences likely to be the first concern of the spectators who nightly fill the vast auditorium to overflowing and surrender happily to the verve and grace of strongly rhythmic movement, the colour and beauty in which it is clothed, and the music which aims at capturing the senses and succeeds.

Antonio, judged by exacting standards, is a dancer of outstanding brilliance and high artistic integrity; and as choreographer and producer he is also an inspired showman. The result is an evening's entertainment of full measure and running over, in which the impact on a delighted audience is made by professional accomplishment geared to a pitch of unerring precision. To the pleasures of the eye the connoisseur can add the intellectual pleasure afforded by perfectly co-ordinated techniques.

The two leading ladies who have replaced the renowned Rosario have established their claim to attention markedly during the present season. The names of Miss ROSITA SEGOVIA and Miss FLORA ALBAICIN are no longer distinguished by large and small type but are equals. Miss ALBAICIN has earned her promotion by the superb confidence with which, for example, she partners ANTONIO—and sings as well—in a Zorongo Gitana. For this guitarists provide the accompaniment as they do for her Taranto solo in which the excitement is heightened by the Flamenco singing of Mr. ANTONIO MAIRENA.

Miss SEGOVIA excels in character parts which bring her pleasant sense of comedy into play, as in *The Disdainful Segovian*, in which she is determined that the young man of her choice (ANTONIO) shall drink water from the magic well and so succumb to her charm. This pantomime-ballet lends welcome substance to a programme which without it has no story to tell. Two items which no change of bill should exclude are the exquisite *Homage to Manuel de Falla*,

and ANTONIO's famous Zapateado in which his feet command every delicacy of percussion including *pianissimos* which hold the audience in breathless silence—the prelude to the inevitable roar of excited applause.

At the Royal Opera House Miss SVETLANA BERIOSOVA has danced the rôle of Swanilda in which she was to have appeared, but for illness, on the opening night of the new production of *Coppelia*. It is a performance of great beauty and purity in which the gaiety and humour of the character are charmingly spontaneous. It confirms my impression that with the physical stamina without which neither statesmen nor dancers can hold their place Miss BERIOSOVA is destined for the highest honours as a classical dancer.

C. B. MORTLOCK



AT THE GALLERY

Augustus John

AT the Diploma Gallery of the Royal Academy (both approached by the same courtyard in Piccadilly—closes June 27) is assembled an exhibition of four hundred and fifty works by Augustus John of which more than half are drawings, and some half dozen sculptures.

An Olympian figure from his first appearance in the 'nineties, his personality has been matched by astonishing gifts of imagination. To cap everything he has always had such powers of draughtsmanship as to enable him to give form, with robustness and elegance, to souvenirs of that strange paradise in which he appears to have passed a previous existence and which is the recurring theme in his work.

Brought up in the rather stuffy late-Victorian atmosphere, it was natural for one of his independent nature and magnetic personality to gather round him a circle of his followers, and to live encamped, as it were, apart from the crowd, raiding the town from time to time in the form of an exhibition, winning supporters or most willing captives. Gradually the rebel became the accepted champion as, more and more, people of taste acclaimed him and frequently became his sitters. The Lady Ottoline Morrell (No. 354) was one of his masterpieces, as was *The Marchesa Casati* (No. 376). There were, besides, many other women of beauty and character. In addition he

has made fine portraits of some men whom he felt to be either sympathetic or formidable, his sons, Caspar, David and Edwin, and of Tommy Earp (No. 418), Lloyd-George (No. 355), or Thomas Hardy (whose portrait in oils is regrettably absent). Self-important folk he has sometimes satirized.

A believer in tradition, Augustus John, whose dexterous hand has been the envy and despair of so many artists, has never found his own standards easy to reach. He once said that he regretted the time he had lost in casting round for ideas, as he might have spent it in perfecting his gifts in a more limited manner. The present exhibition—which contains only a fraction of his output up to date—"so varied, so full of things to think about," as another famous painter put it, from the large decoration to the lovely little coloured panels and the drawings, should be as convincing to him as to us that he has netted a rich haul.

Recommended

At the Marlborough Gallery, 17 Old Bond Street. Paul Signac (1863—1935) Retrospective Exhibition. (Closes April 15.)

A delightful artist who produced many beautiful, sparkling land- and seascapes in the "pointillist" manner.

ADRIAN DAINTRY



Study of a Child, by Augustus John.



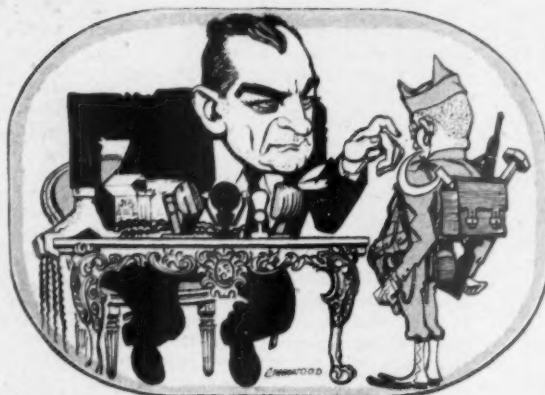
ON THE AIR

Trans-Atlantic Fizz

LESS than three hours after the Liberal Party's ruinously inept handling of its Party Political Broadcast, the television service threw in an extra item imported from the United States, a telefilm of Ed Murrow's dramatic attack on Senator McCarthy. The juxtaposition of these items was startling. On the one hand we had a tedious, amateurish platform hotch-potch of faded clichés; on the other, a brilliant and purposeful television "column" in which every line exhibited professional efficiency.

The Liberals had nothing to say and employed five people to say it. A still photograph of Gladstone would have been more eloquent and stimulating than the five seated figures each repeating parrot-fashion a speech mugged up from the party's "Guide to Candidates." With a carafe of water, a green baize tablecloth and the Union Jack as props, this programme would have been indistinguishable from any Liberal meeting held in the suburbs of some Tory or Socialist stronghold. I expected the ordeal to close with a collection to cover an expected loss of deposits.

As a liberal (small L) I found the programme terribly disappointing. The party believes in Free Trade and Beveridge and might have won the approval of viewers (and listeners: the programme was heard also on the Home Service) with simple factual restatements of the basic principles involved. But no. In twenty minutes we were introduced to so many people that none could do more than identify himself, catch his breath and sign off. No speaker was before the cameras long enough to



Senator Joseph R. McCarthy reviews the troops

become more than a cipher or to say anything of interest. There is no safety in numbers, and the Liberals with their dismal record in recent elections should know this by now.

Worse still was the fact that the speakers appeared to have learned their lines by heart—as far as possible. One member of the panel had to be prompted: others raced through their material as if pursued by the foul fiend: and for the viewer the proceedings were as embarrassing as a music-hall failure begging for laughter.

I cannot understand the Liberal Party's or the B.B.C.'s objection to scripted television. Night after night we are confronted by people who recite their lines nervously, awkwardly and fearfully after taking great pains to master them. If the lines were themselves truly memorable there might be some excuse for this method of delivery, but they are seldom more than adequate journalese and it seems presumptuous in the extreme, to me, to put them over in the form of a Shakespearean soliloquy or a recital of the

Gettysburg speech. The time and nervous energy consumed in learning these lines could be employed much more profitably in polishing them. Our interest in a radio talk is not marred by the knowledge that it is being read. After-dinner speeches are read, sermons and lectures are read: and I see no reason why television talkers should be expected to deny themselves the assistance of the printed word.

Ed Murrow's programme was entirely scripted. He read from a sheaf of papers, his head lowered over the text, his fingers leading his eye from left to right. Occasionally, near the end of a sentence, he looked up into the camera—

and that was enough. Here, as in most talks, commentaries and discussions, we were dealing in ideas, and the speaker's looks were of no importance whatever. Nothing should be allowed to come between the delivered word and the viewer's reception of it, and the Americans seem to appreciate this.

But the success of this C.B.S. programme lay in its careful preparation rather than its easy, matter-of-fact presentation. Murrow's commentary was supported by numerous filmed insertions, chronicling stages in the McCarthy story. They were all short and crisp, cut to the bone, and every item spoke volumes. How fair a comment on McCarthy this was I am in no position to say; but caricature or portrait the impact on the viewer was devastating. McCarthy sneering, McCarthy ranting, McCarthy brow-beating . . . if this was McCarthy then McCarthy must be infinitely more detestable than we had supposed. The facts concern us only indirectly . . . but what admirable television!

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



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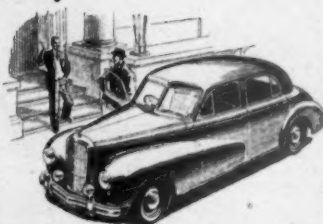
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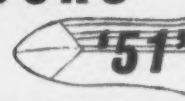
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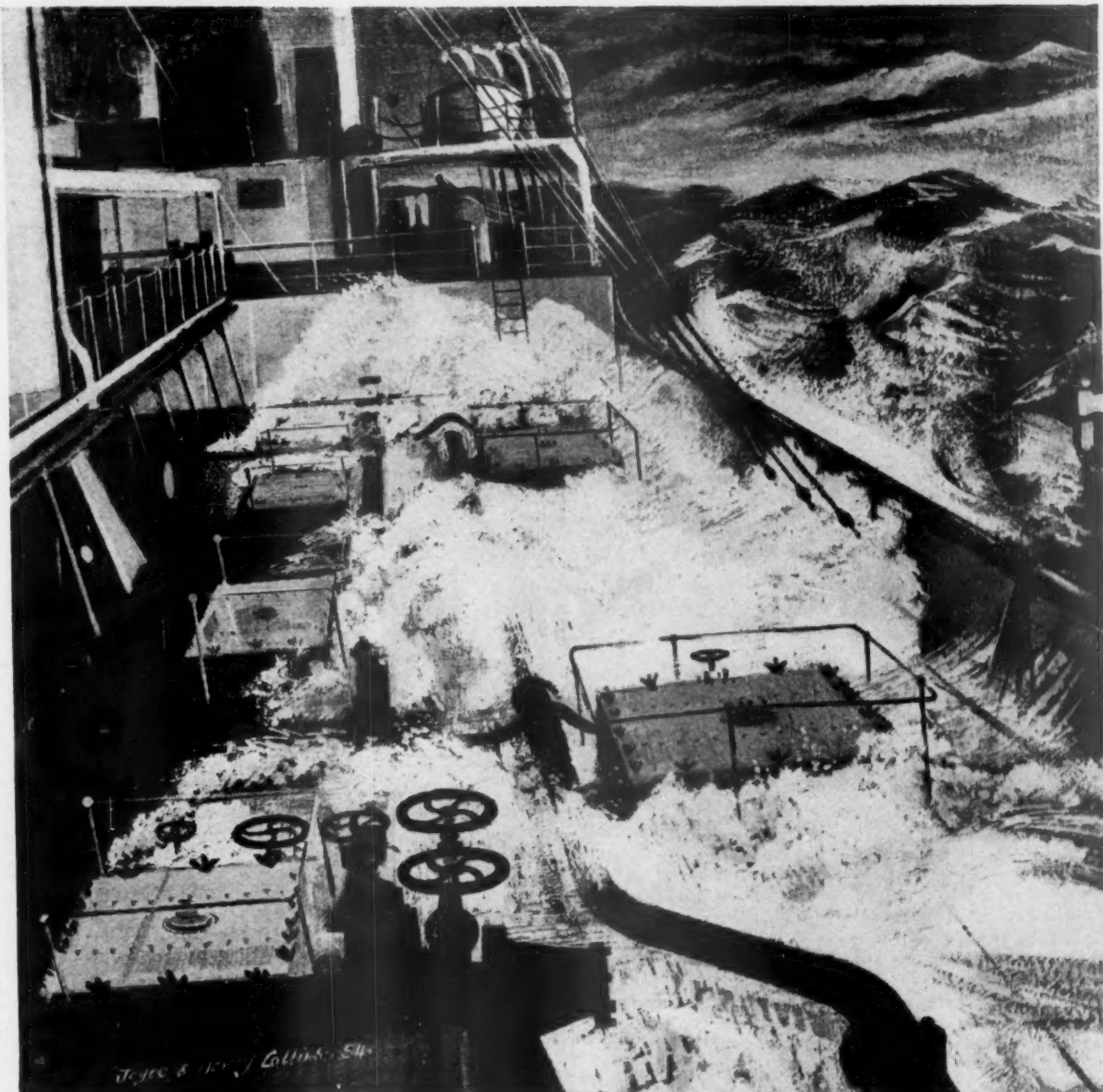
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Hint 2: The kind of accounting machine you need on Sales Ledger work is the "Sensimatic" kind.

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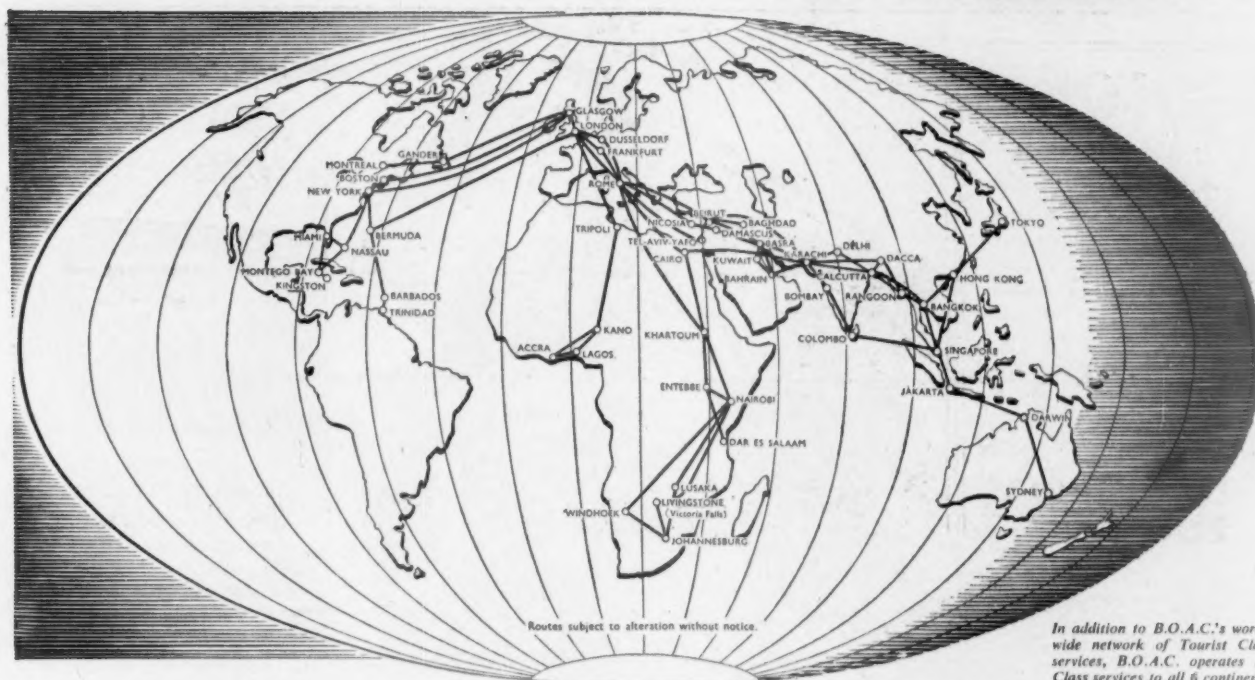
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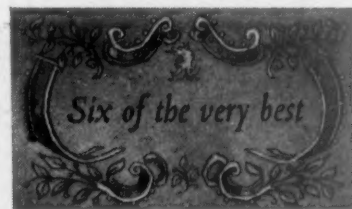
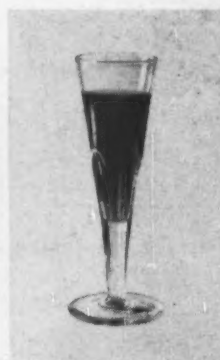
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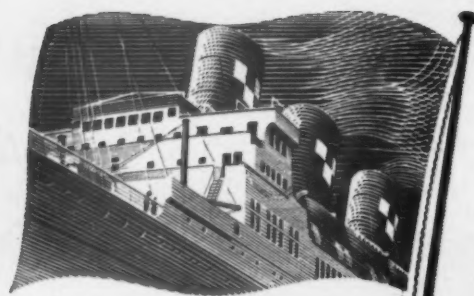
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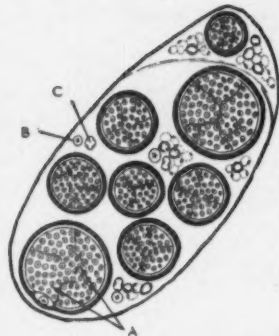
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FACTS ABOUT YOUR NERVES

How 'NERVES' make us physically 'RUN DOWN'

ALTHOUGH when we become 'run down' it is usually physical exhaustion that we mainly notice, the source of the trouble is very often in our 'nerves'. It is believed that our 'nerves', at some stage or other, influence the body and bring about certain physical changes which produce the intense fatigue, and other physical symptoms, that attack us when we are 'run down'.



Section of nerve trunk showing how nerve fibres run in bundles contained in sheaths. (A) Nerve Fibres. (B) Artery. (C) Vein

Watch for these symptoms

You can usually recognise that your system is becoming 'run down' by your lack of energy, increasing tiredness, loss of interest in your job, poor concentration, insomnia and irritability, and by a growing feeling of deep mental and physical exhaustion. Whenever you notice these signs the proper thing to do is to put yourself on a course of Sanatogen.

The Sanatogen treatment

If your 'nerves' can be made healthy, then your 'run down' condition should correct itself. Nerve and body cells, we know, depend for their growth and health—and that means *your* health—upon an adequate supply of protein and phosphorus. Without these substances your nervous system cannot function properly and nerve cells would 'starve'. To restore and promote the activity of such 'starved' cells you need the extra protein and phosphorus that Sanatogen gives you. By giving this extra 'boost' to your body and nerve cells Sanatogen helps to correct 'nerves' and to restore strength.

How you take Sanatogen

Sanatogen is a very fine powder. You take it, mixed with a little water or milk, three times a day.

Sanatogen

THE PROTEIN NERVE TONIC



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Remember, it may have taken months for your body to get into a 'run down' state. Obviously, this cannot be remedied just overnight and it is important that you take Sanatogen regularly for at least eight weeks. Each day Sanatogen will put back into your body a little more strength, a little more vitality, rebuilding your system and restoring your energies. So when you start Sanatogen, make sure you get the full benefit from it by taking the complete eight-week course.

Doctors' opinions

More than 25,000 doctors have endorsed the use of Sanatogen—a remarkable official recognition of its restorative power. Sanatogen is unique in form and composition and is the standard, accepted tonic for all cases of 'nerves', irritability, over-tiredness and mental and physical strain; in fact, 'run down' conditions generally.

Have you any sign of 'NERVES'?

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- 2 Do you get shivers at the thought of going for buckets of fuel? ...
- 3 Do you long for a boiler that looks after itself? ...
- 4 Do high fuel bills make your heart miss a beat? ...
- 5 Do you know that running costs for oil are often half gas or electricity and within a few pence a week of solid fuel? ...

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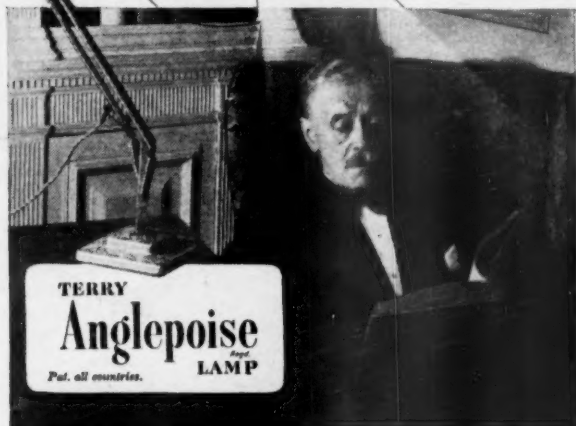
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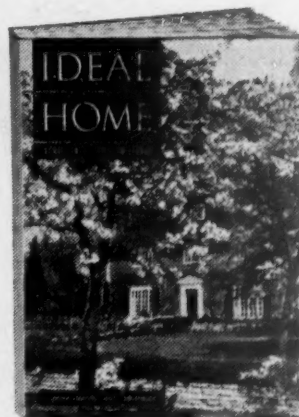
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160-PAGE ISSUE

IDEAL HOME

MAGAZINE • ON SALE MARCH 25 • TWO SHILLINGS





CROCKED

"Good morning, William, I trust the Rugger Dance passed off without too many infringements. Fried egg?"

"Sorry, Gerald, I couldn't look an egg in the yolk today."

"On last night's form you surprise me. Remember that spirited home-coming when you handed - off Hawkins and drop-kicked a melon through the fan-light?"

"Spare me the gruesome details."

"Let's face it, William, if you'd drunk a glass of Rose's Lime Juice before you touched down on the sofa your sense of humour would be more robust."

"Gerald — a beaker of Rose's now! I will then repeat my flying tackle on the hatstand!"

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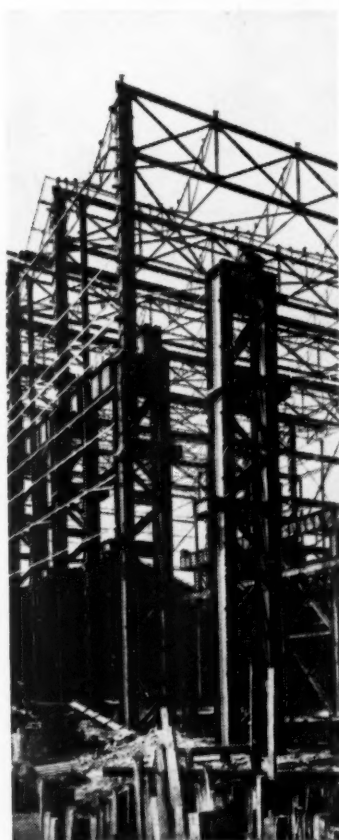
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